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MY HUSBAND'S SECRET

BY A. E. PORTER. CHAPTER IV.

"Jealousy! thou green-eved monster, thou hast not come into my world, and never will," I said, as the next morning, I seated myself at the little window where poor birs. Smith used to sit and sigh. " Jealousy ! thou art the quintessence of meanness, passion of low souls-one drop of the poison will make a devil of an angel-thank heaven, I can never be tormented with it; and yet I'm sorry this little house of ours has ever known its power. I shall be thinking of poor, jealous Mrs. Smith whenever I sit down at this window. I'll try another," and I moved my sewing-chair to the opposite window; but now I could not see the meadow path, nor the Sunset Porch, por know when Fanny was coming, or see her fluttering like a butterfly around the large yard in front of her house. I was n't at my ease, either, for my work table was near the old place; so after sitting awhile I moved back, resolved to think of something besides Mrs. Smith and her sighing, but I began to believe, before the day was over, in haunted places: the jealous wife had returned, and was sighing near me; once I was sure I heard a kiss

I was lonely that day. Fauny didn't come over as usual in the morning. I caught sight of her a moment as she mounted her horse for a ride. A tall young lady was with her, Miss Bosetta, I supposed. The latter wore a dashing riding cap tied with broad scarlet strings, and ornamented by a black feather with a scarlet tip. She had a bold, defiant, easy air, and rode well; but I was more pleased with the lithe, graceful figure of Fanny, with her modest black hat and neatly fitting habit, sitting quite as easily and with better poise than her companion, while the horse that bore her stepped off as if proud of his burden, as I verily believe he was. He had been her companion for three or four years, and drink in haste." when he heard her volce always pricked up his ears and turned his head, waiting eagerly for the caress which he knew was coming.

and a sigh.

When I saw them' take their departure I knew that a lonely day was before me, for Fanny liked one way I allers tell a born lady. Ye can't tell ft horsehack exercise, and was often gone many hours, by fine clothes, because there's Smith's factory girls scouring hill and dale. I sat and sewed till Sidney dress finer than you do, and you can't tell it by the came to dinner. That, to our pleasant home, was money folks have, because there's Brown's wife has the sunshine of the day, but it passed so quickly. a heap of money, and she aint no lady at all; but After he departed I read awhile in Miss Bremer's you can tell by the way one takes a glass of wine. "Neighbors": I liked to fancy that pleasant picture of domestic life, and though I did n't exactly no lady does so; but if she takes it daintily, making approve of her pet name, "Bear," I nevertheless ex- you think of little birds drinking, then you may be cused it on the supposition that it did n't sound from sure that's a born lady. I know this is only cura wife's pretty lips as it looks printed. I tried to think of some pet name for my husband, but noth- Port, Champagne, Burgundy, Maderia - ye see I ing sounded better than "Sidney." The very name know 'em, ma'am-but mine is five years old, and, carried me back to the days of chivalry, to that as you say, it has a fine flavor, and, may be, you'd flower of knighthood, Sir Philip. My father had a take it like you would the best imported. But please picture of the gallant soldier and gentleman, that look at this," and she brought me a large piece of in an age of brave and gentle men won the palm of the gentlest knight and bravest soldier of them all, while we were talking. It was a fruit piece, with If that ploture spoke truth, Sir Philip was not as great red apples, full size, oranges, peaches, grapes handsome as his namesake, my Sidney, and, I was falling out of the basket, and, indeed, the poor bassure, he had no nobler heart; but alas! the physical ket seemed much too small for the task imposed strangth of the former far surpassed my husband's, upon it. There was a wonderful profusion of color and I was troubled as I thought of it.

I noticed to-day that he coughed, only a slight hacking cough, but I had heard Aunt Posey say that " that are cough was jes the most worrisome cough in the world, and must be 'tended to." As her words recurred to me, I started up and threw on my thick shawl and straw bonnet, determined to seek Aunt Posey and have that wonderful syrup prepared at once. It was a bright, clear, frosty day; the ground was frozen hard, only now and then, in the sunniest spots, yielding to the power of solar heat the sky was blue and cloudless, looking-oh, so far away-up, up-

> .. Oh, could I pierce with mortal eyes The wondrous space above.
> Up, up beyond the starry skies.
> And to that world of love!"

Ah me! how far away it is, and if Bidney-I got for the time, or I would not yield to my better er in heaven had strewn my path with flowers; mother. She was a hundred and nine when she I would not refuse to gather and cherish them, neldied. Taint in the family to die young? ther would I wantonly trample them under my feet Dear, good Aunt Posey, was n't slie a true lady, to for the sake of looking at the stars and thinking of undo so gracefully the little mischief she had unwisted when the world above them if Kijah had come along tingly committed?

Just then and asked me to take passage with him I I rose to go home, but she begged me to wait one then that I should live to respond heartily to Cole-ridge's words—"A true man has three firm friends the little picture, and I detected in one corner, in —God, himself, and death." To long for death I pencil, the words, "Agnes, to Flora," and I Ah me! how much of the warmth and brightness of Flora was Fanny's mother; the fair artist must earth must be withdrawn before we can see the glo- have been a friend of her's; in this way Aufft Posey ries of the sky.

at home, dod that the syrup would not be found in the faithful servant.

shrunk from me more than I did from her presence. but there was no avoiding the encounter; we must meet. I meant to be brave, and bowed, saying, "Good evening," but again that terrible look! There was concentrated in her face mingled soorn and revenge. I trembled violently, and had I met her a few rods back in the woods, I should not have expected a safe issue. The sight of Aunt Posey's house reassured me, and I passed by Nehah, receiving from her, however, no word or other token of recognition save that look, which haunted me for years. I was sure now that she bore ill-will toward me or mine. I found Aunt Posey good humored and cordial as

usual, while, to my great delight, the syrup was bottled and ready for use. I sat down by the bright fire, while she bustled about in her hospitable way. bringing from some recess the glass of wine and elice of fruit cake. Aunt Posey was a model of politeness and ease, and in striking contrast, I thought. to the manners of many of the would-be ladles in Burnside. When I had rested a little, I rose to examine the delicate water-color painting which had Interested me so much in my former visit. The second examination only excited my curiosity more, for it seemed almost faultless, and must have been sketched and painted from Nature. The tiny, halfopened buds of the lilles of the valley were as carefully and correctly shaded as the perfect blossoms, while the deep blue of the English violets was perceptible, peeping up from the dark green of the leaves, while the brown moss of the rosebuds and the pure white of the snow-drops were sweetly contrasted.

"That is a beautiful little painting, Aunt Posey." "Do you think so, honey. It's delicate like, but seems to me full blown roses and pinies are handsomer than them little things that take so much time to look at. But you have n't drank your wine; it's good for you, and these tiny glasses hold only a themblefull; drink it, and let me give you some

more; it will warm you up, this cold day." "Thank you, auntie, one glass is enough, and I enjoy drinking it slowly. It is very nice, too good to

"There! I might ha' knowed it by your ways," said Aunt Posey, smiling.

"Have known what, auntie?"

"Why, that you were a lady. Now you see that 's rant wine, and ha'n't got a big name like Maselle, velvet painting, for which she had been searching and a great variety, but one felt that it would mar the beauty if it were topohed; evidently the design was ornamental; it was n't fruit to be eaten.

"Is n't that a handsome picter, now?" said Aunt

"It's very bright and showy, and those great red

apples look like your ' Mountain Reds.'" "That's just what I told Miss Hovey (that's the name of the lady who gave it to me, up at the mountains) I'm going to have a nice yellow frame for it, and hang it up. I suppose I must have a glass, because, you know, velvet catches the dust so."

"I certainly should have the glass," I replied. and that reminds me that Bidney brought home some picture frames a few days since, and said he

had one specially for you." "There, now, that 's just like the boy. I showed him this very picter last week, and he said he had checked the thought, but it would come if he should some frames, and he thought one would fit. He was be taken from me how far away he would be. I for always a thoughtful boy. I never thought, he'd grow up to be a man-such good folks aint long anowledge of no locality, or, rather, no up nor down lived generally-but," and Aunt Possy added this to heaven; but the childleh idea of a local heaven last sentence quickly, though I know it was an after above the starry skies was still mine. No, no, no; thought, for I was sure I turned pale, for I felt my I did not want heaven there for me nor mine; this heart stand still, "but now, if he can get ever this world was bright and good enough for us. My Fath cough, he 'll may be live to be as old as his grand-

should certainly have politely rejected the offer, and moment while she brought her shawl and bonnet to have bidden the angel charloter drive on—I 'd rather live in the old house with Sidney. I little thought she said. I thought of Nebah, and willingly con-

came in possession of the pictures Fanny told me I walked on, hoping that I should and Aunt Passy that her mother left many little memerices to her

(the legislation bear of some the second to the second days and the second days)

ever I meet her."

" Never mind Nehah," said my companion cheerily; "I told you that she had Indian blood in her, country beaux, and was thankful that she was n't and you know the Indians is a mighty queer people; doomed to a hum-drum life in Burnside. She says away to-day, and may be pover will come back old house. I told her you were going to have a new But her family were kind to me and mine, and I one before many years. 'La, me!' she said, 'all You know I came from Florida with Miss Flors when ing in dashing style.' You need n't trouble yourshe was married."

"So I have heard. Pray sall me about Mrs. Maurice Perry."

"Why, honey, she was one of the beautifullest, sweetest, dearest little creters God ever made. Fanny is putty and gay like, but she is n't such a real angel-picter as her mother. It was the hardest thing I ever did to lay her in the grave; nobody else that feeling. Uncle Sid never cared for her at all, for the last time. She was too young to die. But sumed that sybilline look which she had once bethere she lay, just like one of my white resebuds, fore worn,) "is above jealousy." broken off before it had fully opened-dear me ! dear me ! I prayed to God when she was slok to take me instead, and she heard me, the darling did. and she said, ' No, no, Posey; it is God's will that I should die, but be kind to dear little Fanny. If I could, I would like to take her with me.' The little thing was too young then to understand death, and says, that before she died, she told him to watch and thought her mother was only sleeping when she lay so still and cold. Heaven has seemed a good deal claim on it. I know she 'll never forget Posey, even tell you all about it. Yes, I must tell some one, I among the angels."
"Poor Fanny, it was a great loss to her."

"Indeed, indeed it is; but I'm so glad Mr. Mau. Mr. Maurice and my Flora were a handsome couple. we do, when God sends angels to live with ps?"
"It is hard not to love dem," I said, " and harder

if our love should cause their removal from us." it, for she replied:

"I know what you sigh for; yes, he's another of God's good angels that walk here below; it seems sweep of the wavy hair across the brow, the like our Father in heaven made a mistake, and easy position, the half neglige, but not slovenly dropped diamonds down, but takes 'em up again as dresse all bespoke a free, frank temperament. I soon as he finds it out. But, take courage, my Flora studied it awhile, and Fanny studied my face also had n't an enemy in all the wide world; but your very earnestly. rejudice agin him, but she 'll not tell me any. about it, and it 's no use trying to tease an Indian, not like as well." you know; sometime I'll find out; so you be easy; for that is the reason she looks so hard at you."

It was not much relief to find my anxiety changed from myself to my husband, and yet I trusted the mystery might be solved some time by Posey. We found Sidney at home waiting tea for us, but who was playing on the guitar. . .

"There, Auntie, I have done my duty to-day, and now I'm going to spend the evening with you." She had played the housekeeper very prettily, and a nice supper was on the table. Aunt Posey insisted upon remaining to wait upon the table, as she used to do in the old days, she said, when Miss Flora was Fanny's age. After tes, Fanny sang some of the songs which had been her mother's favorites. friend of my mother's family, and he was sent north The tears ran down Posey's cheeks, and yet she to be educated; he came first to our house. We were would say,

child. I wonder if she is n't singing in heaven, it lowed our childish friendship to continue, and when 'pears like I heard her, far, far off, soft and low, but Frank sent his first letters from the military school, so sweet; you mind, Mr. Sidney, when you used to Pa was almost as much pleased as myself. It is bring your flute and play

Oft in the stilly night.

very much, and I heard her say, that when you he will never consent to my marrying a military played it in your room at night, it used to soothe man. Now, Auntie, until he forbade our corresher to sleep when she was sad and homesick."

"The flute !" I exclaimed, much surprised ; " why, Sidney, can you play the finte? I never heard you think of marriage, we had not spoken of it. True, speak of such an accomplishment."

of the amusements of my boyhood." "Which I hope you will resume," I said. He shook his head.

"I hav n't played a tune for five years."

I noticed that Aunt Posey looked at him earnestly, sadly, and it troubled me, for he did look pale Frank that week. and thin. He promised to take her syrup for his cough, and she gave him, other directions, to which he listened very kindly, for he had great confidence to say that he thought I was old enough to drop the in her skill.

that he must be at the counting-room till late that certainly never consent to my looking upon Frank night; she did n't like the night air for him. They as a lover. I must send him no more letters, and he went away together, Aunt Posey not forgetting to would write to him and explain. carry the frame for her splendid fruit-plece.

Fanny and myself were left together, She stirred the fire, put on more wood, lighted, the lamp, and my obedience, and said that it was no more than he drew down the blinds, and season went "Now, Auntie, let's, have a nice loosy time.

have so much to say to you." so ledgely now in "I am ready to listen!" doquell laufe "Yes, but you must do something else, too." "Oh, advise and encourage and sympathics"

" Do you need all three ?" to plant al quel so You Il be convinced of that soon." by follors in celling things wright only they

Yes, indeed; did you see us? My companion was a dushing rider, and attracted much attention; but she said she had learned to look down on all our. when they take up notions they stick to em allers, she is engaged to a dry goods merchant in New But she 'll not trouble you any more. She went York, and she wondered how you could live in this never will refuse her shelter while I have a home, the fun of getting married, is in going to housekeep. self about her being disappointed in not securing Uncle Sid. She has no envy, but rather pity for you."

"You relieve my mind, Fanny; I was working myself up into a little fever of jealousy when I saw her dashing style, and her handsome face."

"Jealousy ?--no, no, Auntie; you could not have had ever dressed her, and I could n't let 'em do it and his love for you is—is—" (and again she as-

"I see that no one can disturb your good opinion of your Uncle, Fanny."

"Never, while I live!" "How solemn you look child !"

"Auntie, Uncle Sid is a brother to me, and my dear mother trusted and loved him; and Aunt Posey care for me. He never told me of it, but he does care for me, and I tell him all my troubles-only nearer, honey, since she died-it's like as if I had a now, just now, I am in trouble, and I am going to cannot suffer all alone-I never could. Now, no one will come in this winter's night," and she drew her low chair near to me, "and Uncle will be at the countrice ha' n't married again; it would have come right ing-house late. Now, please first look at this," and hard to Fanny to call anybody else mother, and yet she drew from her bosom a miniature of a fair it is kind of strange like; he's a ra'al lady's man - | youth of perhaps twenty years. He was in personnel one of them that's wonderful taking among women, all that a maiden's heart could desire. I wish I could give my reader a colored photograph of Frank I was proud of her, and, oh! honey, dear, I leved her Ashley instead of this meagre pen and ink sketch. too much—too much, I suppose, and God took her . At this time, and many years have passed since then, we must n't have idols in this world; but what can I remember the impression which the first view of the picture gave me. The hair was dark and abundant; the eyes dark, and eye-lashes very long; the contour of the face regular; the mouth firm and de-I sighed unconsciously, but Aunt Posey observed termined; but the expression of the face, taken altogether, was indicative of a happy temperament, of much buoyancy and hopefulness. I liked it-the

husband it seems has, for Nehah has taken a great "Rightly named," I said, "that is a fine face, but I have seen m

Fanny's eves sparkled.

"I knew it-I knew you would like him !" she said, triumphantly, "and if - if you could only know him as I do, Auntie, you would love him; love him, I mean, as a brother."

"And so Fanny," I said, laying my hand on her very pleasantly occupied in singing with Fanny, head as she hid her face in my lap, "you have learned so early the lesson of love. I would rather that you turned over a few more pages of life's book before coming to that. It is to woman the key note of her future. As you strike this now, so life will end. Could n't you have waited awhile before entering this enchanted land?"

"Auntic, love came to me : I did not seek it. Frank Ashley came from Florida. His father is an old playmates, and my father took quite a fancy to him, "Sing it once more, just once more, my dear and sometimes called us brother and sister. He alonly within a year that we have been forbidden to correspond, and Pa gives as a reason, that he is un-It was a new song in those days, and she liked it willing I should be engaged so young, and adds that pondence, we did not know that it was so essential to our happiness; until he told us that we must never I see now that Pa was right in one respect the ,"I am not accomplished in it at all; it was one friendship could have terminated in no other way; his harsh treatment only tore roughly away the veil which we should have slowly and tremblingly raised. I never shall forget the day when Pa called me

to his room, and asked if I had received a letter from

"Yes,' I told him, and I would run and fetch it. 'No,' he said, 'no matter about that,' he only wished girl and boy correspondence; it might result in some-She was n'a quite satisfied, however, when he said thing more serious than friendship, and he should

I was so surprised, that at first I could not reply. and my father taking my silence for consent, praised expected from me. a make. Artis

But, father,' I said, hardly able to control myself. Lhave no one else who cares for me; nobody writes; menletters but Frank, and he has no other

friend now, to write to him? Poor Frank, I thought to myself, it will be harder for him than for me, and I rentured to plead for his sake not very to ear His father and mother are both dead, I said, as

well as I bould, for the tears were soming now; this

Nehah come out of the door, but when she saw me she stopped, he stated, looked this way and that as man that has been staying with you. It seems to if she would avoid me. I think she could not have me as if an evil spirit looked out of her eyes when "In the first place, pray tell me about your ride fortune that Frank expected has gone, too, and no body cares for him, or writes to him besides myself fortune that Frank expected has gone, too, and nobody cares for him, or writes to him besides myself excepting an old uncle in the West Indies, who sends him a little spending money now and then. Oh, Pa, it will be so hard!'

'Pshawi nonsensel' he said. 'do n't let me hear you talk in that way; as if the young man could n't survive the loss of your letters. That's not a proper way for a young lady to tale.'

At this I felt much worse. Could it be true that Frank did n't care much for my letters, when I prized his so much? For one moment a bad spirit got possession of me, and I thought I never would wish to write him again, but my guardian angel-I have one, Auntie, I'll tell you about it sometimewhispered better thoughts, and I knew that Frank did like to have me write, and that my letters were a great comfort to him since his father died. Yes, I had no more mistrust of him, but a sweet confidence that he loved me better than anybody else in the wide world; and now that my father had taken away that thin little misty well that we called sisterly affection, I saw right down in the depths of my heart, and there, as in some deep waters you can see beneath its crystal surface to the very bed of the river, so could I see his image in my spirit. I felt frightened for a moment. It's a fearful thing, Auntie, to love another human soul better than we do ourselves. I did n't feel ashamed of it, for I had read in some beautiful book of Uncle Sid's, that pure, true, earnest love should not cause shame, but should make us love God more, in that he permits such great happiness to two human beings. So I offered one little prayer, such as my mother taught me, Oh God, teach me the right way to heaven through this wicked world,' and then I turned to my father, and said, 'Please, father, not to take away this great pleasure from Frank and myself, I will show you all his letters,' and then I climbed into his lap, and told him how much Frank loved him, and that we would both be his children, and make him happy. I laid my head on my father's shoulder, and, Auntie, I could n't help the tears coming, for he neither smiled, nor caressed me, but pushed me gently away, and looked very stern as he said;

* Fanny, I expect to be obeyed; no more letters to Frank Ashley. I will myself explain the reason to

Now, Frank had always spent his vacations with is, and I had looked forward with great pleasure to his coming; now, I thought I should see him no more. I went up into my room and sat down by the window, where I always liked so much to sit; but wasn't it strange, the beautiful prospect that was always there before was gone. It looked to me just as if a black veil was over hill and valley.

I have read a great deal of poetry about Nature deceive the heart that loved her.' that there is consolation in woods and fields, and purling streams. It is n't so with me, auntie, for nothing looked bright to me, then, and I thought I would n't want to live at all, if I might never see Frank again. Don't laugh, auntie," (1 was far from it, as she might have known if she had raised her eves to look at me.) "I did feel so, and I thought that my father might have told me why I must not write to Frank. You see he gave me no reason, only that a child must obey implicitly the commands of a parent. I cried and cried, till I made myself sick, and when Aunt Hannah called me to dinner. I could not go down, so father and she dined by themselves, and I suppose had a good time of it, for she always agrees with him, and I knew I should have no sympathy from her. Whenever I had had trouble before. I went directly to Frank with it; now I had nobody to talk to, nobody to comfort me.

It was a warm, bright, sunny afternoon. Father had ridden out into the country, and Jim had sent to know if I would have Zaidee saddled for a ride in the woods. I said no, and he went out into the stable, looking rather disappointed. Jim came into the room to bring my father a letter in the morning, and I thought he heard the conversation. Now Jim has been in the family a great many years; he is Aunt Posey's brother, and he thinks all the world of Frank, and I thought perhaps poor Jim feels sorry for me; and I laid my head down on the window seat and let the breeze blow my hair about and cool my poor head, while I watched him working in the garden. He was singing, and the canaries heard him and joined his music, and I felt almost vexed with them for being so happy when I was sad. Then it was so bright and beautiful overhead, and the roses were all in full bloom, the very rose tree that Frank had brought all the way from New York, so carefully in his hands, was now in blossom directly under my window, and I perceived the fragrance of the roses where I sat. 'We shall never work in the garden any more,' I said to myself, 'nor have. pleasant rides together, nor sing the songs we have. learned, nor read the same books in company -and then the tears came again, but this time more quietly; they flowed and seemed to relieve the pressure. on my brain.

By and by I was soothed and fell asleep, and It dreamed that Frank came in the form of an angel. with great wings, and carried me up high as the clouds, and I was so happy way up above the world. in the clear, fresh air, and not at all afraid, for Frank was so strong and fearless. Then I heard. sweet music; and the music awoke me. I raised my head and looked round, and sure enough there was music -a voice I knew so well was whistling a faworlde air. Yes, yes, there was Frank coming up the garden walk, and whistling to call Jim 's atten

tion. Is Jimsheard, and threw down his spade as allie Legifier their flower there enter each a configuration to

Hollon! old fellow!" said Frank, all well at home?

CONTRACT COM

Yes, Mass' Frank, middlin', and Jim turned to my window. I had risen, and instead of returning the greeting

which Frank seemed about to give me, I ran away to hide my swollen eyes and red face. A little water and cologne, with the addition of a hair brush, improved my appearance a little, but Frank's quick eye detected something amiss, as I came to meet

'What now, Fanny?' he said, half alarmed, notwithstanding Jim's assertion that the family were middlin'. 'Is Zaidee sick, or Rover dead, or one of the canaries carried off by Tige?'

Oh Frank, it is worse than that; come quick into the grapery, and I'll tell you, but first tell me, how did you come here?

· Why, you see after I wrote you that letter last Thursday,'--Wrote me last Thursday? Why I haint had a

letter from you for two weeks!' . The deuce you have n't. I'll court martial that

old drone of a l'ostmaster.' 'Stop ; do n't tolk so, Frank, but tell me what you

· Let 's go into the summer-house, then, for I have walked ten miles double quick time since two

o'clock. ·Stop, let me get you a lunch.

But Jim had thought of that and gone for one; and while Frank and I enjoyed it, he told me that he had written both my father and myself long letters only a week previous, telling us that he had heard of the death of his uncle in the West Indies, and that he was now left without any known kindred, or a dollar he could call his own; that at first he thought he would leave West Point, and enter into some business as it would be so long before he could expect promotion in the Army, and he wanted to carve out a fortune for himself. But the Professors had been very kind to him. His tutor in Mathematics, Gilbert, had stood by him like a brother, and had offered to share his own little fortune with him, and on the whole, if my father approved, he would stay at West Point and work hard for a high standing.

· For your sake, Fanny,' he said, · I will be at the head of my class, and I don't think I can make you understand what a tough time I'll have getting there. But wont it please your father? You, Fanny I you will rejoice, I know.'

Poor me, I could n't answer him a word, but burst into tears. He was really troubled, then, and begged for an explanation. I told him all. At first he only whistled a little, just a low, prolonged whistle.20 He seemed to do it unconsciously, as if he were thinking hard at the same time.

I can't think what it means, Fanny. I have stood well in my class, nor have I had one censure from my teachers. Can it be Fanny, that he has plans for your future, that he has not told you?'

· Plans for my future! I'll not submit to have anybody plan for me, not even my own father. No, it is not that, but he sees fit to stop our correspondence, because we are so young. Perhaps he 's right, but it will be very hard, for I have no other correspondent in the world.

'And me, what do you think of me, Fanny? I have neither father, mother, brother or sister in this wide world, save you. I do write to Uncle Sid, and he is my only correspondent beside yourself.'

· Uncle Sid! Uncle Sid!' I exclaimed. • I wonder that I did not think of him in my trouble, this morning. Yes, he will explain it all. We'll go to him,

But Frank did not seem quits so delighted with this plan. He was very independent and fearless.

No. Fanny, I am going directly to your father, and request him to give me a reason for his probibltion. It is no more than right that he should do

I felt that this would be useless. I had read my father's face well, and I knew that he would not alter his decision. I was as sure that Frank would be treated with civility. I never saw my father in a passion, but I have seen him take an insult as coolly as I would receive a compliment. Frank is hasty and impulsive; but however angry he might become. my father would remain calm, and the more excited the one, the cooler the other. It would be like the surf against the rock. Do n't you know, auntie. that people like my father are more firm and determined than quick-tempered people like myself ?"

"Perhaps so, Fanny; but what did your father say to Frank?"

" He met him at dinner as pleasantly as if nothing had occurred to mar our former peaceful relations. and when Frank at the close asked to see him, he led the way into his study with as much politeness as if Frank had been the President.

I think this manner rather annoyed Frank, but he had made up his mind what to say, and he was determined to say it.

· Take a seat, Frank,' said my father, and let me know how you stand now at West Point ?

Frank remained standing, proper period to · I am happy to inform you, sir, that I stand with the three best scholars in my class. I have worked hard for this, and had been stimulated to do so, by. the hope of your approbation; but Fanny tells me that you have forbidden all further intercourse between the families. I think, sir, I am entitled to

an explanation. · Take a seat, take a seat, Frank, said my father : 'let us talk this matter over.'

4 I prefer standing, sir. Very well,' said my father, smilling, while he quietly took a pinch of snuff. Lidd not intend that Fanny should be the first to tell you of my wish, but I was not aware That your vacation came so soon. It seems that you and Fanny are keeping up a constant intercourse by letters. Now Frank, you are twenty years of age; you will soon be through the military school, and having no property

of your own, will of course choose the military profemion, on our electores este en The hot, proud blood showed itself in Frank's face.

and he answered quickly, almost angrily : . Mr. Perry, I have been educated at my country's expense, and I intend to serve her to the best of my ability. Were I worth a million, I should choose no other profession of the past than profess the state

My father smiled, I believe he rather enjoyed this little burst of pession. The dark risks out a

i Not having a million, Frank, nor even a decimal part of it, you cannot well tell how you would do were you possessed of that sum ; enough for our purpose that you will enter the army ; you will be ordered here and there, and hever known a permanent home Promotion is allow, your paysmall, and your life one of exposure stperhaps excitement and daniger. I prefer that Panny should not share such a

life; it is easy now to let this friendship die out; a your head about love; it is an ignis fature that now that we think alike on the subject? eads thousands astray; put all such fancies aside. Five years hence, if you should meet me and Fanny, before-we are separated, Frank. you may thank me for what I am now doing.

'Thank you, sir, for separating me from all that love best in this world. I have none beside to love. and I tell you, frankly, sir, that Fanny is dearer to me than life itself. You may call it a schoolboy fancy, an idle romance, but if you enforce your com- think me, I have my doubts on the subject. mand, you will find that you will make two miserable, and remove from me my highest incentive to ambition. You know, sir, that I am alone in the world, that I have no friends, no friendships, save in your family. I am denied these. I am bauished. Why? Because I must serve my country in the profession to which I am bred. I know not how you view it, eir, but I tell you frankly, it is unjust and oruel, and every such selfish, arbitrary action will and then we told him our trouble. He listened, as meet its due reward. I ask once more that you distinctly state how far your prohibition extends,' and Frank stood more erect, and as my father expressed it, his eyes flashed as if he were treating with a conquered enemy, instead of one who was his superior,

I think, however, it did not make him angry at all. He was amused at the display of spirit in the boy, and he very coolly finished the pinch of snuff which he held in his fingers, and smiled, as he said:

'I supposed you already understood, or you would not be thus excited. I wish no more letters to pass between yourself and Fanny. I do not forbid you the house, but I shall send Fanny to boarding-school for one year, and if during that time you choose to visit here, you can do so; my housekeeper will make you comfortable. When Fanny is at home, I prefer you would not be here. I wish you success in your profession, and am most happy to hear that you are likely to deserve it by your good scholarship at school. My time is out,' looking at his watch, '] have a client waiting in my office, and must bid you good evening. It is hardly necessary for me to say that I have no fear of disobedience on the part of Fanny,' and he bowed politely, and passed out of the room.

Poor Frank, he was angry, and his quick, Southern blood was at boiling heat-but what could he do or sav ?

I was in the grapery, making believe read. Jim was at work on the strawberry bed near me, when Frank came out. I never saw him look so well. Ha has a fine face, and his constant military drilling had given compactness and dignity to his form and gait. I saw Jim stop his work and look admiringly at him, expecting, what he never failed to receive, a kind word, and perhaps a joke-but no, the young man strode on toward the grapery, looking, as he approached near enough for us to see his face, like a thunder cloud. He came in where I sat, threw his

cap to the very further end upon the floor, and said: 'There, Fanny, I hate men that never get angry; you can't do anything with them; no wonder Gen. Jackson ordered cotton bales for defence. If men

were cotton bales, there 'd be no glory in war. Cotton bales! What do you mean, Frank? Men cotton bales? Who is a cotton bale?

'Why, your father; he's just a cotton bale, that he is—he 's no more temper than one—' Stop, stop, he is my father; you must n't talk

away the brightness of my life; I do n't care now promised secresy, and he is not the man to violate whether I stand well or not in my classes, my ambi-

ion is all gone,' and my poor brother did, shed tears of vexation, but he turned away and stood seen them; but this is the first I have heard of your for a moment looking toward the garden, but I be- interest in him." lieve it was only to conceal the moistened eyes. 'I do. Frank, care very much about your stand-

all about it. Is n't Judge Collum one of the examiners, and does n't he often speak of you, and has n't he told me that he is watching your progress with at that time, there can be no great harm in promismuch interest. Only last week he said: "I expect that boy will make his mark in the world." 'Did he. though? Did he?' said Frank, turn-

ing round quickly, his face brightening. But was n't the old fellow a tough one when he put us through Conic Sections and Trigonometry? I want and I may not be able to get a letter to you for as ed to try my patent revolver on him; but when he long a time in the future, for I am ordered to Fiorimarked me up so high I was glad I had saved his big

O. Frank, you are an ambitious boy. 'And is n't it right to be? Was any great and in my lap, while the tears flowed freely." noble action ever performed without ambition?

'T is godlike to press on.'

joys, and now I must go back, and live without the was wrong?" weekly letters which have afforded me so much waif whom no one cares to own.

Why, Frank, in one of father's big books-Blackstone I think they call it there is a chapter on blessing he must, auntle; he cannot deny it. But waifs, and I heard him reading it, and it said waifs one thing more. He will come here before he goes, to Government.

And so I do, and so I ought; I wish my friends to him, too?" could see it as I do.'

Don't they'? I do, for one. Do you though, Fanny? And do you think hon estly I ought to stand by my profession?"

go sneaking away like a cat that has been stealing reader will remember, and I entered into the hopes

throwing it in the air; catching it as it fell, and not thought then that the one day of Elysium that I ing very boy-like, "I ought to have known you was preparing for them was to be succeeded by so would have said so, for you are a sensible girl, Fan- much sadness. my; but sensible girls are so rare, and I was afraid Frank came. I liked him, for he was a generous. you didn't like my being a soldier, and -I must say high spirited boy, and gave promise of a fine manit, though you may think it rude-I could not bood. I thought brother Maurice must be proud of have given up my profession even to please you, him. It was a bright day for the lovers; the sun Fanny, and I'd rather please you than all the rest shone, the sky was blue, and everything favorable of the world beside; but when a fellow makes up his for a walk to Aunt Poscy's. The afternoon was

there, though we used many importations from the dwelling. Aunt Hannah wore her sternest look. I

about brass buttons and military sape "I fancy was not long in doubt, for the was one of those pershat gentlemen like shoulder strape and addressinate sons who prided themselves on their plain speaking.

When fairly won they are worth wearing befew years more, and it may cost you a greater strug- cause of that which they represent. Yes, Fauny, if gla. You are now very fond of each other, but one I can win a captain's commission right honorably, I year of separation will cool this fondness amazingly; will be proud of the badge. Who knows what the indeed, I hope you will get no romantic notions into future may have in store? I won't give up trying Btill my father's commands are as binding as

Frank's countenance fell, and he paced back and

forth in the old grapery, like a young lion angry with his keeper. "I suppose now, Fanny, you'll say it is all right,

and that you must obey. But wicked as you may 'There's Uncle Sid coming into the garden; let

ns ask him. Agreed. I like Uncle Sid. He's got a whole soul inside of him-wish his body was strong enough

to bold It. Uncle spied Frank, and they met each other half way in the path; a good cordial greeting it was, too. And Frank drew our counsellor into the grapery, he always does when any one is in trouble, earnestly. and kindly, as if nothing escaped him. Then he sat and thought awhile, as if the matter required consideration, which Frank thought it did not. At last, after what seemed to us a long pause, he said,

'I have a plan to propose.' We waited eagerly to hear. You may not at first assent, but I can think of no better at present. Suppose that for one year you obey your father implicitly, Fanny, and have no communication with Frank; then, if your interest in each other continues, endeavor, if possible, to gain his consent to a correspondence.

"A whole year!" Frank exclaimed, with a look of great disappointment. I said nothing, but I thought what a long, dreary

year it would be. 'A whole year !' again said Frank. 'Can't you propose anything less hard than that?"

'I know my brother better, perhaps, than you do, said Uncle Sid, quietly. Frank stopped his impatient walk to and fro, and

stood thinking a moment. 'I'll do it, said he. 'I'll show Mr. Perry that I am willing to be tested. He thinks I am a mere boy, with a boy's fickleness; let him see me put to the trial. Will you tell him, Uncle Bid, of your proposition?

· Most assuredly, if you wish It.'

What say you, Fanny ? said Frank. Now do n't you think, auntie, just like a little foolish child, I burst into tears. . I could n't say one word. That long dreary year stretched before me; like the old desert of Sahara in my school Atlas. How could I tread it?

Suddenly Frank's countenance brightened. Why. Uncle Sid! Uncle Sid!' and the boy spoke as loud as if uncle had suddenly become deaf, 'I am not forbidden to write to you, I suppose?"

"I surely shall not forbid it," said uncle, and I know of no one else that has the power save yourself. My tears dried quickly, and Frank and I exchanged glances.

But I shall be the medium of no messages between you, said unole, decidedly.

No, no, but Frank did n't go any further. But you may write to me frankly, added Uncle Sid, and you may be sure of my sympathy and in-

Frank left us that day, and you know, auntle, he and uncle correspond, but you did not know how hard it has been for me not to have one letter from 'I ask your pardon, Panny, but I am indignant, Frank for a twelve-month. And then, not even angry: justly so, I believe. Your father has taken uncle has told of our arrangement. I believe he such a promise."

"I knew he had letters from Frank, and have

"But, auntie, our year is out, and as father told uncle that he would give his consent to our writing ing; and whether you write me or not, I shall know at the end of the year if we wished, though he added, · There's no danger of their wishing it themselves, and as Frank will be ordered into service somewhere ing.' But here, see here, auntie!" and she held up before me a voluminous letter, that looked as if it might well be taken as a feast after a long abetinence. "Let me read you a little, auntie:

. This is my first letter, Fanny, for a twelvemonth, da. There is work to do there, and I shall see active service soon. This suits me. Write by next mail; it will be the last you will direct here.

At this poor Fanny broke down, and hid her head

"And you have written?" "Yes, auntie, I have: but 'I didn't know as it But, Fanny, it has been so pleasant to share my suc- would be quite right. Father is not here, you know. cess with you, to tell you my perplexities and my You must tell Uncle Sid; and you do you think it

I spoke as my heart dictated when I answered pleasure to write and roceive. And now you'll "No. But," I added, "Fanny, it is a fearful never care what becomes of me. I am like a poor thing to disobey a parent. It is sad ever to marry without a father's blessing. Little good comes of it."

"But when the time comes he will give us his belong to the king. If you are a waif you belong only one day, auntie, just one day; and may he come to see Uncle Sid? And will you be an auntie

" Be sure, child, it would be best that he should do

so. Your uncle will think with us, I have no doubt." It did my heart good to see how much this little arrangement pleased Fanny, and how safe and trust-· I should be ashamed of you if you did n't. To ful she seemed. Only two days, and Frank would receive your education from Government, and then be here. I had n't been married long then, the and fears of these two young lovers with all the en-"Hurrah !" said Frank, ploking up his cap and thuslasm of a bride in the honeymoon. I little

mind that he is right, he must go shead, you know. | given to this, they promising to return to supper. You speak my mind, Frank, in the fast sentence, During their absence, Aunt Hannah and her nelce but I think there are a great many sensible girls. Rosetts called ; the latter, in her gay ofty costdine, We West Pointers do n't get a sight of them which was almost overpowering, in our low; plain olty of packages of alk and lace and ribbons, in perceived that she did not approve of the proceedrolled "lidden !!! will and red red and the H have it free its lings at our house, and I was a little kninked in spec-None of your fine speeches, Frank, or I shall tell ulating how she would express her displeasure. I They believe in telling things "right out;" they

never go round Robbin Hood's barn to accomplish an object. They like the plain, naked truth. I believe them, and they like it, not because it is the truth, but because it wounds. Their plain speech is simple impudence, and their frankness, the uncorking of the bottle of mailoe which they always carry with them.

As Aunt Hannah rose to go, she remarked; "You know, Mrs. Perry, I have been a long time in the family, and I am accustomed to speaking my mind. You are only making future trouble for Fanny by permitting Frank Ashley to visit here. I think it's my duty to give you my mind upon the subject."

without my husband's approval." There was a sucer, a very palpable one, on Miss Hannah's face as I said this.

"Thank you, Miss Hannah. I have done nothing

"As to that, Mrs. Perry, all young husbands are influenced by their wives, and in your case there is no exception. Indeed, it is said, and perhaps you might as well know it, (the truth never hurts us,) that you govern your husband. Mr. Maurice says that his brother Sidney is becoming quite a decided character now that he is guided by his wife."

I did not reply for a moment. I was mortified and angry, but, fortunately, I caught sight of my husband, and checked the retort that rose to my lips. "Oh, there 's Sidney," said Miss Hannah, quickly, I must tell him what his brother said about Master Frank."

I was glad to be released, but I was not pleased to hear my husband's name so familiarly used by Miss Hannah. I did not hear what she said, but it evidently did not disturb him at all, for he came in smiling, and remarked to me, as I was busy outting my choicest fruit cake for my guests:

"Will you socept an addition to your supper?" and he handed me a can of cysters.

I forgot my vexation in my hospitable cares, and was myself again when Frank and Fanny entered, looking fresh and happy, as if they had been drinking the clixir of life, as indeed they had.

Frank was to leave in the coach that evening, which in those days left Burnside at the unseasonable hour of ten at night. As the time of parting drew near they grew more and more silent. Sidney had gone out to buy a warm scarf for Frank, as the night was chilly, and I slipped quietly away to my own room. In less than five minutes the coach was at the gate, and Frank's voice answered to the coachman's " Whoa," " Ready."

"Where's Aunt Mary,2" I heard him say.

"Here, Frank. Good by-God bless you." "God bless you, Aunt Mary. Do n't forget me." He could say no more, nor did he turn toward Fanny, or speak another word, but ran out and sprung into the coach. Poor boy! like many others

of his age, he was ashamed of his emotion. , [TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

Written for the Banner of Light. A VISION REAL.

BY A. P. M'COMBS.

Down in a quiet valley, Where the Hudson winds its way, Mid the gathering shades of evening, Where the mellow moonbeams lay, And the scented sweets of summer With the zephyrs were at play, There's maiden wandered musing. O'er the treasured past perusing, And the blissful moments choosing-Passed along the river shore. Just a single moon before, Down along the river shore. From out the fading crimson

Came the bright and twinkling stars, And the queen of night was gently Letting down her silver bars. When across the southern heavens Rolled the charlot of Mars; As this maiden was musing there. Startling noises, strange and rare, Bwept along the odorous air. Sounding through the distant gloom-'T was the cannon's sullen boom, Bounding through the distant gloom. The soft and shadowy clouds

Soon new forms and features took. And a mystic panorams Passed before her wondering look, With the scenes traced out as clearly. As the nictures in a book. With rattling drum from tented camp Came out the heavy measured tramp, And each bold chieftain bore the stamp, On to victory or death! Rang the shrill and flery breath,

On to victory or death !

Then above these marshaled legions Rose their streaming banners high. Where the gleaming stars of Freedom Shone from out their azure sky, And with glittering bayonets fixed, Rushed the charging columns by; Then mid the clank of clashing steel, Broke forth the cannon's crashing peal, And the dense cohorts sway and reel. Shattering bomb with fiendish breath, Bursting on the trembling earth, Swells the crimson tide of death.

Where the hattle raged flercest. And the smoke in volumes rolled, There, upon a dashing charger, Rushed a youthful warrior bold, Whom the very gode had fashioned, O'er the noblest knightly mould; His brow their seals had set upon. And rightly styled Achilles' son: Where'er he led the field was won, And the atubborn foe to rout. With viotory's stunning shout, Put the stubborn foe to rout.

O'er him passed ambition's smile As he saw the wreath of fame In glory circling round his brow, and adaption And heard the loud scolaim of and the specifical Of peans ringing forth his praise From many a lofty fane;
But ere the smile of triumph fied He lay upon a warrior's bed,.

Among the dying and the dead; O'el Potomac's sunhy wave There he fell, the young, the brave, O'er Potomac's silver wave it has satisfacted

Then pallid grew this maiden's cheek, det Her form a tremor shook, Her pulses ceased to come and go. All strength her limbs forsook; and significant She sank apon the dewy grass, and sand With a wild and transc-like looks and laved But satha gathering day-drops fellowing in parts Upon her brow, they broke the spell in and fault

Her loosened tongue made haste to tell hildight The rare beauties she had seem. Wondrous beauties she had seen !

Then o'er this quiet valley Glowed a golden atmosphere, And soft, celestial music Broke in awcetness on the ear, And through the diaphanic light Came a spirit hovering near, With radiant smiles this maiden greets. And softly sings of Capid's sweets. And this one saying oft repeats: "This vision is truly real ; I'm coming my vows to seal : This vision is truly real."

Then from Elysian's flowery fields Came dazzling virgins fair : ! Zolian music of the skies Floated down the ambered air. And mid the crystal spicy groves Hymen reared an alter there: And bride and bridegroom thither led-Ambrosial sweets their fragrance shed, Where earth and sky together wed: Seraphs of the nuptials sung; Heaven's richest curtains hung. Round the couch where angels sung !

When the lightning's iron tongue Flashing far o'er hill and dale, Bpread the fatal news along. Many heads were bowed in grief,... And many hopes and hearts unstrung. Though many hearts were in the tomb, Yet on this maiden fell no gloom; She had met her spirit-bridegroom,

On the morrow's early dawning,

Down along the river side; He came to claim her his bride, Down along the river side. Then down this quiet valley, Where the Hudson winds its way, was in the hands of the hand of th

There this maiden often wanders at the 2 ton In the twilight soft and grey; 10 1000 West 201 O'er the golden sea of fancy With the bridegroom far away; And those blissful moments choosing a metalent All the Heavenly land perusing, And from out this holy musing " Shall be lifted nevermore,"

Down along the river shore. " Shall be" parted " nevermore!"

Written for the Banner of Light. WINNING THE MINISTER.

Margarit Si

A Tale not Founded on Truth, but the Truth.

BY MYRA K. BLTON.

OMAPTER/L "Nelly, have you heard our new minister?"

"Yes, I have heard him several times." "Well, what do you think of him?"

"I think him intellectual, gentlemanly, and he may be a true Christian. I hope he is." "That is my opinion, exactly, with the exclusion of that clause expressing doubt of his genuine religion. But I do n't care a fig for that. I'm going to attend all the evening meetings he appoints, and if there is any such thing as a change of heart, I mean to get mine changed; and he must keep his eyes open, or his may meet with something of a change. For, let me tell you, Nelly, he is well worth winning. I am not going to any more balls this season, so William Raymonde may look elsewhere for somebody to waltz and take sleigh-rides with. The fact is, he is a little verdant compared with the minister. One must not look for as much ease in manners, and all that sort of thing, in a lad of

De Lacy. I Think him, without any most splendid man I ever saw." "Mary Andrews, I, your humble friend Nelly, do not like to hear you speak so triflingly on so momentous a subject. I hope you will consider well what step you are taking, else you may tread on some rolling stone which will plunge you headlong to the ground, and you will be glad to have William Ray-

nineteen, as a man of thirty. But I am not am-

bitious to be the subject of Will's first practice in

love-making-not I. I'd rather be under the tutor.

age of a savan in its tactios. He is fine looking, to

be sure, but will not compare favorably with Mr.

monde stoop to pick you up." "A sigh for myself, Nelly! Now, you have commenced one of your everlasting lectures. Just so sure as I say one word about setting my cap for anyone, you commence. I think it is perfectly right and proper that we consider all these things, and not only consider, but act. What is the difference between winning a husband at a prayer-meeting or at a ball?"

"Pardon me, Mary, for offending you. There is no difference, providing one acts honorably in both cases."

Then what are you harping about?" "Let us drop the subject, for I perceive you are not in the right frame of mind to comprehend my ideas at present, and I tremble for you when I think perhaps you never will until it is too late. Good night, Mary; here is a kiss for you, and we will meet again soon, as good friends as ever."

Nelly derted out at the door for her own dear home. "I must hasten," she said to herself, as she flew fast as her feet could carry her over the frozen ground, " for mother must be tired; she has worked all day, and I have been resting so long, a time. Well, never mind; I will work very swift when I' get home. Let me see-what will I do first? I will wash the children, put them to bed, darn the stock ings, get all their clean clothes laid out for to-morrow will be Sunday, and I intend mother shall go to church if she likes. Then I will read that new book Lhave commenced. But here I am, at home so soon. I almost hate to go in out of the moonlight and starlight, but I only pass into heartlight and eyelight." "Why, mother, what are you doing? and where

are all the children?" Link I have just washed and put them all snyg in bed. Now, if you 'll get the clean clothes for morning, I'll darn the stockings, and you may read aloud this evening, if you wish."

this evening, if you wish." Dearest mother, how kind you are, but I was just thinking I would do all you have done, and now

regree not starting for home sooner." "My child," said Mrs. Day, "you have taken no more time to make your call than I think necessary. I hope you have enjoyed it and feel refreshed. But some, now, get the olothes, and ut for feeding

throbard good of CHAPTER Information of the office Mary! Mary! What are you doing? and where are you?"

Here—up in my room: what in the name of patience do you want, some waiting some time.

I want you to come down immediately."

round, she took; a large looking-glass from the wall, last evening I spent with her she was very commuand placed it on the floor, "There," said she, nicative, and told me what her intentions are, I "now I am going to see what position will be most should blush to tell you all she said. But I was becoming."

took a survey of herself from head to foot.

she said; "I'd not shut myself up in doors and him. Now you know he has never taken her only tend babies for my mother. Beauty bestowed on with me, and the last time he took her to a party I her ig just thrown away; she does not seem to prize suggested it myself-an idea which William did not it one bit. I have just thought of a plan con-very well like; however, he is too much of a gentlecerning my dress. Tineel and frippery are no man to refuse gratifying the wishes of a young lady. adornment to piety. How a statue of the Virgin William's standing in society is such that Mary can Mary would look with rings, bracelets, and ear-jew- never tarnish it. Honor is safe." els or a flounced dress even! I must lay off some nimble; you are working for your own future ease, I hope. You may belong to the minister's wife, and not Mary Andrews in the course of time. There, now; the dress is plain enough to suit a Quakeress, ahe-was wrong, and would not blame Mary for her." But, my hat. Who does not like the graceful sweep folly, but try to avoid like evils herself. of a waving plume? I dislike to remove that, and I will not; but this gay bunch of roses, and some

Jingle, jingle, went her jewelry into its place. "Now, I must see how my suit will look; but the kinks must come out of my hair first," and she

pasted it smoothly over her low forehead. "Dear me!" she said, half to herself, and half aloud: "I do wish plain clothes were more becoming to me! I never knew before what a difference I will bring him out of the kinks after he has pro-

mised to be mine through thick and thin." "Tea, tea, tea! I must go down to tea. Glad would I be if there were no such thing. It always but let us walk to the house, my-young saint, and comes when one is in a hurry."

Down stairs she went, completely out of sorts

with everything around her. "Dear me, mother, I do n't know what you are

enough to come when you are called next time, for white church. if you do n't, be assured you will take the same fare as now. I cannot conceive what you have been

doing up stairs all this time." will never be any the wiser by my telling youthere, you can olear away the table as soon as you of the great Creator, which, to witness, was to hold like. I am going up stairs, and it is a chance if you one's breath and admire. The bhurch-bell pealed see me again until morning."

CHAPTER 111.

the quiet village of C-, except that a month or worship. As the congregation passed in they obtwo previous to the present, a gentleman, purporting to be a minister of the Gospel, traveling for his pew, facing the pulpit. A widow's voil of thick health, had stopped at widow Hamlin's, and engaged board for a month. An invitation was extended him to preach in the village church, which singing and prayer. The minister arose to take his he most courteously accepted, saying he would like text, looking very fine and hopeful, when the black, to settle for a year or two in some pleasant little mysterious stranger arose, rushed up the aisle, astown like C.—. He had preached to the people cended the pulpit, snatched aside her veil, and with several Sabbaths. His sermons were delivered with one maniacal laugh clutched De Lacy's hair and tore enthusiasm such as one seldom witnesses. At one a wig off, which revealed a head as bald and shiny moment he would have his whole audience in thers, as the top of the belfry. She seemed at that moment at another they would be convulsed with laughter to possess the strength of a maniac. For she had no over some hunting or fishing excursion which he em. sooner flung the wig, than she pushed him against the ployed to illustrate his brilliant ideas. All the wall, forced his mouth open, and brought out a comyoung ladies and their mamas felt a deep interest in plete set of false teeth, and threw them on the floor. their souls' salvation, and did not hesitate to ask She then turned around as coolly as if nothing had the advice and prayers of the minister. He was the subject of their idol worship, and, as women are apt a paper in the other, she commenced reading, or reto do, they placed implicit confidence in their spirit. | peating aloud, the marriage certificate of John Gay ual teacher.

At the time our story opens, they had come to look upon him as very perfect, and very Uhrist. like. A subscription paper had been circulated, and give all a chance to see him, she said, "I here preenough raised to pay him five hundred dollars for sent to you my lawful husband, John Gay, in his the ensuing year. Many were asking prayers and real character. The sermons he has been preaching enlisting in the army of the Lord under His vicege- to you, are sermons he stole from the Rev. Henry rant De Lacy. Among the number of anxious ones, Whittier. It was through them I got track of him. was Mary Andrews. She had been forward to the Some of them have been published in your village anxious-seat once or twice, and manifested a strong paper." She said, "I have a more natural and ne--inclination to become a follower of Christ. Her sins, cessitous occupation for John Gay than duping the sito all appearances, seemed to her to be ready to world in the name of Religion. His five worse than crush her into an early grave. The minister's sympathy was unbounded. Fervent prayers were offored up in her behalf, whispered advice spoken, and exhortations pressingly given. Mary had been while the audience hissed and denounced him, and out all the week evenings to prayer-meetings, and the old ladies screamed lest that pistol would go off. it had not tended to make her any more amiable than usual. Sabbath morning she came down to and Mary Andrews fell fainting to the floor. Wil-

sohurch with those clothes on. If you are thinking ing the weary weeks, a feeble, puny child swoke to of catching Mr. De Lacy in that way, I can tell you a life which could but be colder than an Arotic Winonyou it not succeed. Ministers know what is pretty ter, with not one to smile a welcome. and what is not, as well as other people; and I know by his looks Mr. D. would walk half a mile in a thunder shower to kiss a sweet mouth. There is no pine grove is a protty white cottage, nearly finished deceiving me." enga ayal ah dana er Kaba aya menali l

Wont you be kind enough to take a good large blie of that apple and let that stop your creaking. Day Raymonde. A prophesy of bright days we give Tis bad enough, to be sure, the sacrifice I am mak- them. ing, without having it thrown in my face that I do Ant look well. I'll try to manage my own affairs. ill I fail, it will not be lack of experience in that

Bhe salled out of the door, and started for church. " I will go by Nelly's, and borrow her Hymn Book and Bible," she said.

A few moments' walk brought her to Mrs. Day's

recidence. on Buylo "Nelly, darling, will you lend me your Hymn Book and Bible, just for to-day,"she said, in a pleading way, wiping a teat from her eyes.

No! My Hymn Book and Bible shall not go to church in company with such a hypocritical creature as you are."

Mary took a sudden leave, without so much as saying good-morning to her friend, saying to hersaying good-morning to her friend, saying to her-self, 'Yes, Nelly is an angel! The claims to be so meek and mild! Judging from symptoms, I guess she will be translated before long or, rather, raise such a breeze that she can ascend in it to etherial

My child, said him hay so hall well adout Mother, I am thoroughly disgusted with her

.t #L'Il not go until I get ready," and turning trickery Leanthardly treat her with respect. The most pained to hear her speak of William Raymonde She knelt, folded her hands above her head, and with such contempt. She says she shall go to no more balls this season, and that Mr. Raymonde will "Oh, how I wish I had some of Nelly's beauty!" be obliged to look elsewhere for a lady to go with

"If we would all consider how slight a basis we of my flummeries. Let me see; that drab merino have to build anger upon, I venture to say there which I have always detested on account of its would not be one angry word spoken where there plainness, will be just the thing wanted now. But are twenty as it is. Do you not see you are bringhold | off with those velvet bows; little fingers be ing yourself on a level with her by speaking as you did this morning?"

> Nelly burst into tears, flung her arms around her mother's neck and implored her forgiveness, saying

Mary was very sanctimonious at church, shook her musk-perfumed handkerchief, and seemed to be of those French resebuds nestling down in this cloud on the way to speedy forgiveness. She invited Mr. of blonde, must come off. Then here are five great De Lacy home with her to tea, but he declined going, tassels on my cloak. Let me see them every one saying he would be happy to call for her to go to church with him in the evening. Evening came. Mary went to the door to look for him, but could not see him.

"Now is just the time," she said, " to practice my tableaux before the class."

She knelt, clasped her hands above her head, and remained like a petrified saint. So absorbed was she that she did not hear Mr. De Lacy, and was undress makes in one's appearance. But never mind, conscious of his presence until his arm was thrown around her and she was drawn closely to his embrace.

"Come," said he; "this twilight is beautiful; when you are ready we will go to church. I have many things to tell you as we go along."

Mary that evening met with a change of heart. She afterwards took great interest in Sabbath school. thinking about, expecting me to eat such a cold sup prayer meeting, and visiting the poor, and Mr. De Lacy was her almost constant companion. Both "I will tell you what I am thinking, Mary," said seemed equally well pleased with each other, and the Mrs. Andrews; "that you will probably know signs were propitious for a marriage in the little

CHAPTER IV.

The months flew as if they were winged. It was "That is my business, and not yours, and you a bright August morning, liquid with dew and bird songs. Nature seemed newly touched by the hand out its solemn ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, as if by its loud noise to speak to the great All-Father, "here is where we worship; come this way, Lord." Nothing was known concerning Mr. De Lacy in People of both sexes were hurrying to the house of served a lady clad in mourning sitting in the front black crape she kept drawn closely over her face.

> The services commenced in the usual manner by happened, and with a pistol cocked in one hand, and Anna Bond, by the Rev. D. McDonald.

She still faced the audience, and said, "I am Anna Bond;" and pushing the minister forward, so as to orphan children at home have need of bread and clothes, and my poor hands of rest." She drew his hand in her arm and dragged him out of the church,

The next moment a frightful scream was heard. the little parlor, attired in her new suit to go to liam Raymonde sprang to catch her; conveyed her to a close carriage, and drove her to her own home. "Why, Mary," said Mrs. Andrews, "how like a where she was placed upon a bed of suffering, to very owl you look ! I hope you are not going to body and soul, which words could illy picture. Dur-

> William Raymonde has completed his law studies and is admitted to the bar. Around behind that little which is to receive its inmates in a few weeks, who are to be William Raymonde and his wife, Nellie

Walnut Grove Farm. Harr had bed "massa

Written for the Banner of Light.
LINES
APPROTIONATELY INSCRIBED TO MRS. ANNIE HOWE. ON THE DEATH OF LITTLE OHRIN.

Mourn not although the head Hea low That thou wast wont to press!

Mourn not that no more here below Thou'le feel his sweet caress [1] [1]
He lives where all of grief is o'er.
His ardent mind will freely soar
With angels on that brighter shore (2) [2] Nor loves his mother less because in trong

Moura not although that darling boy Hall add Grew not to manhood here I a rot nelser f. But let thy heart expand with joy. That he has naught to fear!

That he has naught to fear!

Templations will not cross his way.

To make him struggle day by day.

And ever fight and watch and pray

Or pain those near and dear.

Mourn not, for know that he list gone Mouri not, for know that he has gone
All title while before 1:00 rains and goldens
He !!! welcome these on that bright morn;
When thou will mourn no more!
The angel choir will gladfy his gives 101 500 us.
No harp will rest-with-broken string!
But doy, triumphant, than will paper yet o'll
When thou hast gainty, that above belief 10

New Bedford, Septe, 1894ciffein al ining Mailliffe

it was a same Written for the Banner of Lights & a p HOME-SICKNESS

My thoughts are flying homeward, ever homeward. Like bright winged birds, when the long day is o'er And twilight tender dreams of home is bringing, Dreams of the dear ones I may see no more. close my eyes and gentle memory takes me To that dear home where I so long to be: gase once more on dear familiar faces,

Until fast falling tears blot all from me. The tears are real, but the dream has perished. And I awake in silence, and alone, Far. far from all I ve ever loved and cherished.

Weary and sad in my lone forest home. The shadows close around me, dark and darker. With crushing weight they fall upon my heart. As if to tell me, in those dear home pleasures, That I—an exile—have no further part.

Original Essays.

AND THEY SHALL LEARN WAR NO MORE."

BY S. Y. BRADSTREET.

the nations, had reference to a time when his own necessary to the fulfillment of such a prophesy-a shall fully warrant the assertion that the nations do than there is of the loss of life in the army. not " learn war any more."

I lay no claims to any particular clairvoyance, or millennium," if you choose, will soon begin.

As individuals and communities are cured of their sins by the effect of the same-learning to avoid the wrong as the burned child does the fire, being educated by their errors or mistakes-so, in like manner. do the nations learn in the school of experience. However slow this process may be, still it is none the less sure in its operations. Our own present more of the travail-pains of collective humanitythrough the mediumship of man. It is one more step toward better human conditions. It is a legitiunder consideration.

plainly, I would have the reader go back a little on where might makes right. the life-line of humanity, and observe that the thought of war is by slow but sure degrees becom- tous subject, and refer to the common tendencies of ing more and still more repulsive to the mind of the war, and the value of peace, for it seems to me that masses of civilization. This growing disposition to the civilized world has had bitter experience enough leniency may be observed in the less frequency of in the mildewing effects of war, to begin, at least, to cold-blooded massacres. It is seen in the people in profit by the tremendous lessons of the past and reference to the subject of capital punishment, in present. But if the world's cup of sorrow has not the improved treatment of the inmates of our pris. been sufficiently filled up, then is this or any other s, and in general legislation. It is seen in th churches, in their modified thoughts of God, and the this subject entirely futile and premature? But I gradual rejection of the dogma of "eternal fire and am impressed that it is high time that this subject brimstone" for the punishment of the wicked, &c.

While there is room for immense improvement lectual war was declared against physical war. It in all departments of life, still the movement of the is time the world was being controlled more by the civilized mind in this direction in all countries, how. fore-brain, and legs by the back-brain-just as neces. ever slow, is still very apparent. I am aware that sary for the well-being of the world at large, as for the correctness of this position will be disputed by individuals or communities. It is time, high time, some, and present barbarities occurring in our own that the world began to learn wisdom, and cease becountry referred to as proof; but while the latter ing an immense fool. And if proof of this were ides may be correct in a few isolated special cases. in generalizing it will not appear that the objection in summing up the loss of precious life-the trouble to my position is well founded. But it will appear and anguish of bereavements—the expended labor that as man's higher nature continues to be awaken, and treasure, and destroyed property. Once think ed by the genial influences of civilization and cul- of the vast and splendid institutions which could be ture, in the same degree will be exhibited a higher established with such amounts of means, and how and improved tone of character, producing a continued growth in this feeling against human hostilities, which feeling is destined to be greatly augment ed by the continual improvements in munitions of war, which are so rapid that the great things of one al world from center to circumference. It is a congeneration are common as playthings with the sideration of the hurt of war, and the value of peace, next. With these things in view, what may we ex- as compared with it, that has given rise to this feepect, or what may we not expect, in the way of ma- ble effort. It is earnestly hoped that there are chinery for the destruction of life and property in thousands of hearts already like affected, who will time to come?

It is now clearly shown, by recent experiments in the single article of iron-clad gunboats, that with a subject for volumes of suggestive thought. Men will little additional experience and ingenuity, they can differ on this as on all other important subjects, but be rendered adequate to almost any task of destruc- let them differ ; "let Truth and error grapple," and tion within their range. And it is not certain that then they may not be made invulnerable to each other. A few more years of progress in the line of infernal machines, and great increase in numbers, will render the proprietors of all our common shippingsteamboats and shore property in general-liable to the necessity of acceding to almost any demand made upon them by a few approaching deperadoes. thus armed and equipped. And should there be fortifications erected, and heavy ordnance brought to bear sufficient to resist such attacks, it would be the occasion of a ruinous expense, all along the ex tensive navigation borders of every country and kingdom. And even theb; a vast city would be but poorly protected against a fleet of steam and steel. capable of raining metalic hallstones upon it, and ifre mingled with the hall," at a distance of a league or more from the fate i oity.

genetian imperative necessity, and the nations be affirming that Truth alone has the saving efficacy. driven together the commism compromise; through the drough the drough force of pressing circumstances? The national sin . This lides, like other ideas which Spiritualisis of mar will then have worked out itie bun ours to a have magnetically taken, or socially absorbed, and world-wide extente. All rhal knowledge is born of with which they are becoming rather disgusted, has meets or less pain. One many minds, and is dee httowledge of the errors and consequent pains of thed to pass away. The argument for it is founded santher, but some partiof immabity midet give birth entirely on the sestories, and but on the true Gospel to the shild Brood Hinds woods however dreaded, representation of Christ, and she suppear his inide good the most does to the stane ? How has

are only mistakes of humanity; they become Na. ture's whip-lashes to scourge us off of forbidden ground into the path of rectitude, and keen is the smart so long as we do not obey her stern demands. And as individuals are thus corrected, so will the nations, under the effect of that knowledge, which is gained through painful experience, be brought into more and still more harmonious relations with themselves and each other. It cannot, in the nature and fitness of things be otherwise.

And as the spirit of barbarism is slowly but surely waning in the great mass of the civilized mind, like the shadows of night at morning's dawn, and the horrors and destructiveness of war is on the increase, both influences converging toward the same centre or point of ultimation, the observing mind can but have strong assurances that the time is comparatively near when war itself will have proved to have been man's salvation from the same. With this in view, then, the present condition of humankind may well be determined, by the nature of the means necessary to their education, and their introduction to conditions in which they will be no longer. inclined to "learn war" any more. When the useful metal and the powers in Nature will be turned to man's benefit alone, and when the people will prize their then advanced condition all the higher by Whether the "prophet Isaiah," who, some thou- an honest comparison of the same with the barbarisands of years ago, uttered the above concerning ty of our present times. But it may be truly urged that there is less destruction of life in modern warpeople, including their neighbor tribes, should be fare than when munitions of war were fewer and delivered, or at least freed from existing captivities less perfect. I blush for humanity when I rememthe horrors of war and the general distress of the ber the fact that the loss of property will, and does, masses which follow as a natural consequence in the have a greater influence in the direction of reform wake of destructive contention, or whether he was than does the loss of life, for the reason that genenabled to look down the vista of time, even to gen. | erally the life is lost by the poor-by that class of erations which are to follow the present times—to people who have but little influence upon the congenerations yet unborn, is of but small import when trolling powers of the world; but the property is lost compared with the state of things which would be by another class-the wealthy and the influential. Even now in our midst there is far more said about condition of human affairs among all people which the stagnation in business and the anticipated taxes I apprehend that a destruction of the entire prop

erty of a city of a hundred thousand inhabitants, gifts of prophesy, as is claimed by many for men in | though not a single life be lost, would have quite as olden time. But it is plain to me that the days of much effect toward a general war reform as though peace on earth and good will toward men," or one hundred thousand poor soldiers had stained the battle-field with their hearts' blood. \ 'ich " ox is gored" makes a vast difference in the case. Must. I say that when we make inroads upon wealth we have effectually touched the loadstone of the world's greatest attraction? When speaking of money, we are not very wide of the mark in calling it the "almighty dollar." The wholesale loss of the dollar. then, in connection with that of life, and the inestiwar, however distressing it may appear, is only one mable mischief attendant upon war, is destined to drive the nations together in national union, resultone more three of Nature, in her manifestations ing in something like a Congress of Nations, and a World's Court, to be established, arranged and carried out as circumstances shall then dictate. Let mate effect of national mistakes, or sins; but the the strongest nations once agree to effect this, and serpent of "evil," or wrong, will die from its own the weaker ones will come in like chickens under the inherent poison. "The wages of sin is death" to protecting wing, as a matter of stern necessity. the same, in the final outcome. This effect of the Then will national troubles be settled as the differlaw of "sin" may be more readily discovered in ences of individuals now are. And why not? I will generalities than in specialities. And though hu- not contend that there would be no difficulties atmanity is composed of individuals, as the earth is of tending such a state of affairs, but when compared particles, still there is a oneness of the whole which with the trouble and expense of war, they would should be kept in mind while examining the subject sink into utter insignificance. Even though strict justice may not at all times be meted out by such In order to present the object of this article more court, yet it will be far more likely to do right than

I would like to say much more on this momeneffort to successfully call the world's attention to was begun to be agitated. It is time an intelneeded, we might spend almost any length of time much mankind might be benefited and his condition ameliorated. It does seem as though there must be philanthropic talent enough in the world at this time, were it once fairly aroused, to move the morgive a spontaneous and ready response to the feeling herein expressed. There is material in this

"Ever the right comes uppermost."

And ever is justice done."

I close for the present, hoping that abler pens will do justice to this world-wide, important subject. The people of all civilized nations are cognizant of the wrongs of war which shows a readiness, more or less, to begin at least to appreciate wholesome suggestions, which look toward a final and interminable peace as their ultimate effect.

Dubuque, lowa.

OHRIST AMONG REFORMERS.

BY D. J. MANDRUL.

In a Banner of somewhat recent date. I remember of having been an article by our well-beloved brother. When It comes to this stage of the game, with al- G. W. B. of Willimantic. The main point of the most innumerable minor limprovements, some of article appeared to be to warn Christians against which are probably as yet anthought of, who cannot any confidence in Jesus as a Redeemer, against the the that the patire abolition of wat will have be idea of a personal Saviour outside of themselves-

from the wrongful misrepresentations of priestly misconception, rather than from the genuine soceptation of the generous and beautiful fact. Not but that the idea that Truth is the redeeming element is correct. Jesus himself taught this, saying: " Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." But the claim of the individual is also as dis; tinct and unequivocal as that of the truth he teaches, or for which he suffered and died. If you say, What is the man without the truth I then I say with equal force, What is the truth without the man? who imparts, enforces, and vitalizes it, with lip and life, and it may be with self-sacrificing example and agonizing death?

Because a line is thrown out to a drowning person, is the line, the only thing to be taken into account in the transaction? Is the hand that is extended to the rescue nothing? And, above all, is the noble mind, the benevolent spirit, the ready friend, who steps forth to the rescue, not in the least to be considered? The principles of common gratitude incite the appropriate and necessary answer.

But there is more than the Principles of Gratitude involved here. There is a deep, a profound, and a touching philosophy embraced, and yet a philosophy simple and matter-of-fact enough for the understanding of a child.

On these points, however, we will say nothing more at present. The idea that Spiritualism is to finuh Christianity, (or supersede it.) is very far from being a finished idea, and will doubtless "finish' itself before it has gone much further. Well may A. J. Davis reply, that he "has nothing to say," when recently invited to a friendly "platform;" for, with other mediums, in common, he is rapidly passing through a modification of his former ideas. and adopting that higher inspiration which is leading on toward actual Christianity. His recent writings are full of this " progress," and he will doubtless leave the field awhile for those who hade "something to say " in this direction.

Parties who are striving to monopolize the "Educational" plans, on the basis that these and those "are not brothers," and in the notion of railery at the Bible, &c., will probably find their programme falling short of true success. Christianity is more than " Harmony." And when I find liberal and really high-minded clergyman advocating such narrow and meagre views of the demonstration of Immortality in Christ, as I heard last Sunday, I think it is high time for Spiritualists or somebody else to consider and take up those more blessed and broader conceptions of the Redeeming Jesus, which are correspondent with his own estimate of himself.

Athol Depot, Mass.

Sabbath Schools.

DEAR BANNER-I have long observed, and with reat pleasure, too, the ready sale and great demand of the one little Spiritual Sabbath School Book-advertised in the Bannen. I am satisfied that whole Sabbath School Libraries might be sold as frequently as this one little book, if we had them. We Spiritualists of the West, who "all our lifetime were subject to bondage," since the light of the Spiritual Philosophy has dawned upon our minds feel as though we want nothing more to do with " such unfruitful works of darkness." Neither can we, while rejoicing in the light of this new Gospel, with consistency subject our children to the trammels of creeds, and to hear, Sabbath after Sabbath, the doctrine impressed upon their plastic minds of a "certain hell and doubtful heaven." Therefore, to be consistent, many of us keep our children from all so called Orthodox Sabbath Schools.

How many thousand Sabbath Schools would spring up all over the land could a cheap library be procured as a foundation. How many Spiritualists living in sparsely settled districts would take their team on a Sabbath day and travel four or five miles o bring their children to a Spiritual Sabbath S and to meet kindred spirits, and talk over this soulennobling philosophy, to be strengthened in the faith, and go on their way rejoicing.

The very novelty of a Spiritual Sabbath School would attract many, and the sweetness, beauty and truthfulness of the Harmonial Philosophy would convert all who would tarry long enough to compare its desirableness with the raw head and bloody bones of old Orthodoxy. Now I wish to make a proposition to the readers of the Banner, and to all of the long list of lecturers advertised in the Banner, especially. It is this: That all who feel that they possibly can spare the time shall try their hand at writing a Sabbath School Book, and make a donation of their production to the cause and send them to the editor of the Bannes, who shall by himself, or a committee, examine, revise, correct, lengthen, or curtail them. as they think proper, and furnish them to the trade t the mere cost of revision, printing and binding.

Thus would a Spiritual Sunday School Library spring Into existence, like Minerva from the head of Jupiter, and its blessings be felt through all eterninity. If this proposition meets the approbation of the editor, I shall try my hand at one, at least.

Chenoa, Ill. S. W. RICHMOND. [A good idea, Brother.]

IDLENESS has of late become a fashionable accomlishment with too large a portion of our young population. Employment is getting to be thought oo vulgar, and a toil hardened hand not fit to be offered for the acceptance of the fair sex. Give us a hard hand, a hard head, and a soft heart; but, instead of which, soft hands, soft heads, and hard hearts are now all the go in what the dyspeptic pimps of etiquette call the beau monds. The cater-pillars of sloth are making great havec in our neglected juvenile nurseries. They are stripping the young shrubs of promise of their greenest foliage. nd blighting the buds of enterprise as fast as they appear. If matters go on in this way much longer the rising generation will soon become fit for nothing but to be hung up as scare crows in the moral grain fields, to frighten young people into habits of in-

OUR BED ROOMS .- Our bed-rooms are too often fit only to die in. The best are those of the intelligent and affluent, which are carefully ventilated; next to these come those of the cabins and ruder farmhouses, with an inch or two of vacancy between the chimney and the roof, and with cracks on every side. through which the stars may be seen. The celled and plastered bed-rooms, wherein too many of the middle classes are lodged, with no other apertures for the ingress or egress of air but the doors and windows, are horrible. Nine-tenths of their occupants rarely open a window, unless compelled by exossive heat, and very few are careful even to leave the door ajar. To sleep in a six-by-ten bedroom, with no aperture admitting air, is to court the ravages of pestilence, and invoke the speedy advent of death.

"John," said Dean Ramsey, "I'm sure ye ken that a rollin' stane gathers has moss?" that a rollin' stane gathers had most?" "Ay," re-joined John, "that is true, but can you tell me what Written for the Banner of Light. THE PROPHET BARD.

BY BELLE BURE.

Nover will Peace and Human Nature meet, Till, FREE and EQUAL, man and woman greet Minstrel I once thy tuneful numbers

Strangely thrilled the harps of time. Now the chords are mute that waked them, They have won a voice sublime; Now thy burning words resound All the peopled world around; Now with stronger pulse they start. Throbbing to creation's heart: Now thy hope bath found its goal In the universal soul, Written there in flery scroll.

Son of Albion! ere thy star Tracked the world of thought afar, Ere from flowery Castaly Came the nymph fair Poesy, With her most delightful thrills, Wooing thee to seek her rills, Ere music, with her witching spells. Rung in thy soul her silver bells; While yet thou held'st the helm of joy And roamed a-field a carcless boy. Even then, amid the mist-hung hills, By dingles lone and tinkling rills, From every breeze or autumn blast That o'er thy rock-ribbed island passed; A From stars, and dews, and flowers beneath, Thy soul drank in sweet freedom's breath.

But for her in after years, Fell thy sorrow's saddest tears; For she wrought thee hate and scorn Ere the grey dawn of the morn !

Not men fetters, not dominion, Could thy thought's free current bind, Creeds and creedmen found no passport To the temple of thy mind. Rich with gems of rarest truth. Twined with flowers, of loveliest youth, Down its broad, bright spirit-aisles, Floated dreams, like happy smiles; And Thought, within its sacred halls, Kept writing lines upon the walls-Till, venturing farther out one day, She found a lyre placed in her way; Though what it was she bardly knew, Yet still she near and nearer drew. And when her vail swept o'er the string, She thought she heard some angel sing. And whisper, "It is thine!"

She raised it up; 't was strangely made, Of fragrant wood, with pearls inlaid; Its chords-the sun's most golden ray At noon, were not more bright than they; And when she touched them, forth a sigh Seemed from each cell to start and die

In music most divine. " Ah me !" she said, " could I but bear To you bright halls my treasure rare, There 's many a dream would find its goal, Now captive in an earnest soul.' With this, away the lyre she bore. And placed it at the temple's door. And wrote upon it, while she smiled, These mystic words, .. For Freedom's Child!"

There long it lay, an unused thing Of silent cells and trembling strings; Till, gliding down his broad, bright aisle. The Poet-soul in dreams the while Saw at the door the lovely form, And felt his heart in pity warm. He took it in, but did not know, Or dream, what streams of song would flow From the deep founts that slept below, Till o'er its wires a hand unseen Swept light, as though its home had been Those chords and airy cells between. Then from its curious chambers broke To its high birth the Poet-child, So sweet, so plaintive, and so wild!

O I when the bright immortal fire First glowed along thy quivering lyre, 'T was Freedom's hand that swept the wire! But for her in after years Fell thy sorrow's saddest tears. For she wrought thee hate and scorn, Ere the grey dawn of the morn !

Trampling down the world's opinion. Right became thy theme, not might; But thy thought swept down the current, Of a dark, unfriendly night. Rolling on to either shore. Mingling with the water's roar Sounding there forevermore, On the Stygian human tide, Groans of woe unheeded died; But the genius blazed along. O'er the world, an orb of song; Then adown the stream of life. Vexed with storms and vexed with strife, Round the struggling voyager's way Fell thy stars' serenest ray. When the mighty spirit saw Mind and Nature crushed by law. And beheld the iron chain Eating to the heart and brain. Then thy eye in pity turned To the hated poor and spurned. And thy hand o'erswept the lyre Till it flashed indignant fire For the weary, the distressed, For the weak and the oppressed ! Mingling like a seraph strain Mid the shricks of woe and pain, Swelled thy softly soothing tone, With a strength before unknown, Claiming honor for the brave, Freedom for the branded slave, And for all, the true and good. Equal rights and brotherhood ! All for Freedom, many years Fell thy sorrow's saddest tears:

For she wrought thee hate and scorn. Ere the grey dawn of the morn !

Sorrowing o'er the woes of others, Struggling bravely 'gainst thy own. Like thy very heart's pulsation, 8 Seemed thy far resounding tone-

Bolling on, forever onward. Glory waked its after chime, Till thy lofty numbers mingled

With the thunder-tones of Time. When for this for loving others Came the world's neglect and scorn; Then thy soul's prophetic vision ;

Met the grey dawn of the morn ? Then thy thoughts with dreams of beauty. Paced the dark sisles of the years, Through the dim halls of the future,

But the sear's gift to thy spirit Still wrought agony and tears, all was and And embissed thick coming fours, oil is

Till they peopled other spheres:

Yet from out the darksome ahadows (1991 sta Rolled the river of thy song and the start to the Fretting still the giant butments Of the granite BRIDGE OF WRONG.

And with eloquence more perfect. Having won from grief a voice, 32 at Swelled thy lofty peans upward. ..; i. Bidding the oppressed rejoice.

Thou didst say " another morning " " at all On our human day should rise, well a jan When good works will be our commerce, A More than costly merchandise.?? palean vi-

Thou didst ask of men, thy brothers, 231 How can ye be free and brave, While to your caprice and fashions " A remain Woman lives and dies a SLAYE?!

Thou didst say " that peace would never Woeful human nature greet, Till beside its holiest altars Men and women equal meet."

Words of truth and deepest meaning. Chiming unto pleasant songs, By the strength that ye have given, Woman yet shall right her wrongs. Let the burning words resound, All the peopled world around, Till with stronger pulse they start, Throbbing to creation's heart. Till thy hope hath found its goal In the universal soul, Written there in flery scroll.

Prophet-Poet! Albion's son! In the sphere thy soul hath won, See'st thou not how high the sun In our social world hath run? Lo! along the dark life river Now the floating bubbles shiver; Now from out her azure caves Truth goes gliding o'er the waves: Now the "tree of freedom" mounts. Upward to the starry founts. And the holy dews come down, Beauteous on its vernal crown; Eagles eit upon its top. From its boughs the puff balls drop; All that would its beauty cloak, Everything that ends in smoke, From its spreading limbs shall fall, Black and blasted, withered all. Underneath, in deepest shade, Is the grave of SLAVERY made. Soon the bloated fiend will die. Low his mangled cores shall lie. And his shade forevermore Walk the dark Plutonian shore: On its waving sprays above, Soon shall brood the harmless dove. Feeding on the sweets of love.

Courage! all whose hearts have fears, Freedom dries her children's tears; Tremble not for hate or scorn-'T is the grey dawn of the morn!

Swiftly toward the dusky zenith, Mounts the bright auroral ray: Downward o'er the western shadows, Soon shall shine the new born day.

Lo I man's ancient faith is waning. And his iron rule of might; Woman from her slumbers rising, Struggles upward to the light.

Unto noble deeds aspiring, See I she flings away her toys; By a higher aim ennobled. Seeking more than gilded joys.

In the golden fields of labor She shall prove she hath a soul, Worthy soon to be his equal, Traveling to the self-same goal.

But not his the strongest fetters, That have crushed her holy trust; Fashion and the love of pleasure-These have bowed her to the dust.

Rust of ages, eat the chafh ! Break the antique links in twain; In our minds and from our hearts Now a nobler worship starts. Let the old dominions fall. New ones rise upon each wall; In the broad, bright fields of Youth, Scatter wide the seeds of truth: Then, when fall the autumn leaves, They will bear the golden sheaves. For the poor, and the distressed, For the weak and the oppressed. With the labor-loving class, Let us struggle for the mass. Light alone can make them better. Free them from their ancient fetter. Let us seek in love and duty. Pearls to deck the brow of beauty: When we break the gilded chain. Rinding heart, and soul, and brain, Fashion, ease, and pleasure-all. When the old dominions fall. Then may we in justice claim. With our brothers, equal fame; Brighter then our lights shall be In the field of destiny. Woman, waken! crush your fears; Freedom is not won by tears. Years of TOIL for heart and brain, Torn alone will break the chain. Waken I see, the auroral ray Now fortells the coming day. Fly ye flends of hate and scorn. 'I is the grey dawn of the morn!

To Correspondents.

[We cannot engage to return rejected manuscripts.]

"CONSTANT READER," WALPOLE, N. H., will End an answer to his question by reading the twentyfifth coapter of Jeremiah. The present war is the beginning of that condition of things which will ultimately result in universal freedom all over the

EROS N .- We do n't want to know anything more about "hair snakes." There are snakes enough about without hair-or, rather, serpents-just at this them. We certainly require better and more singletime, that need looking after. They are curiously minded men, both in our halls of legislation and in formed reptiles, we assure you-unlike your "hair the camp. Will not present troubles and sorrows snakes," they hitch round on legs. They are direct finally lead men to forgot themselves, and remember descendants of the old serpent that beguiled our first parents, we have no doubt. They possess considerable venom, in the shape of Condemnation; but the power of Love is making sad havon among the nest, and we expect ere many years they will be ship in the United States Senate from California come entirely extinct. on hard a trace unleasible t

received. We cannot send the books until you in as a candidate for Congress, he answered that he

about the MSS. soon and these yout ginants are

This Paper is issued every Monday, for the week ending at date.

Banner of Light.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1862.

OFFICE, 158 WASHINGTON STREET Boom No. 8. UP STATES.

CHARLES H. CROWBLL PUBLISHERS AND PROPRIETORS.

FOR TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION SEE EIGHTH PAGE.

Over-Sensitive People.

A deal of wretchedness might just as well be avoided as not, if people took the pains to cultivate -deliberately and systematically-happy tempers and temperaments. Much more of the evil that is in the world is imaginary than real; it comes at one time, of unfortunate conditions-at another, of unhappy inheritances. Very little of it, too, is attempted to be cured by discipline. Circumstances. however, intervene to do the work for us which we are loth to do ourselves, and thus we accomplish what it is essential that we should accomplish after a great deal more of cost and pains than we need to have been subjected to.

How much we sympathize with the poor creatures, whose whole lives appear to have been cast in turbulent currents-always in a stew and a puckerforever suspicious of somebody's not thinking enough of them, or of thinking wrongly instead of the other way-living, as it were, on their nerves-more addicted to flinging out phrases from their mouths that have stings, and porcupinish quills to them than to speaking pleasant words; what would any one deliberately accept the gift of life for, if he could have it told him beforehand that such were to be its sole consolations and rewards, and that only with such mo. rose delights was he to be compensated for all its unavoidable ills i

There is a class of people, coming under this gener. al head, who think it their special duty to be hunting out the faults of others, and visiting upon them what they deem a proper measure of punishment. They set themsevies up for the judges of the social world, and would fain have their rhadamantine decisions put on record. They are always very certain that they have been slighted, or even insulted, and they mean to visit vengeance on the ones. whom they think guilty. It is entirely out of the question that wellmeaning and happily inclined persons can live with such, except at a cost of spiritual health absolutely frightful. Blue devils haunt their presence and make their atmosphere horrible. They color their speech with the evil hues of their own nature, and make the world itself seem dreadfully undesirable.

Of these extremely "touchy" people a very sensible writer recently remarked, that they were to him like hair-triggers. They cannot pay a visit, nor receive a friend, nor carry on ordinary daily intercourse such as ought to subsist in every family. without suspecting that some offence is covertly designed. They are always ready to erect their quills, like the "fretful porcupine." If they chance to meet an acquaintance in the street, who is so much engrossed with thinking of his own affairs as not to see and at once recognize them, they attribute his abstraction to some motive personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of their own irritability. A fit of indigestion makes them see impertinence in everybody they come in contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offence, are astonished to

taciturnity, has been mistaken for an insult. And so saying, the observant writer naturally enough adds that this habit is an exceedingly un. fortunate one. So it is; hardly any other could well be more so. How much better it would be, and how vastly easier, to resolve to take the most charitable view of our fellow-beings, and find goodness and kindness even where they would not themselves believe it existed. It is right to regard such faults in others with pity, and not right to undertake to visit them with resentment. We must do what we can to make others levely by trying to leve them even against their own will. We are to remember that, after all, our own life is just of the color which is reflected back upon our natures from outward objects and offcumstances, and that to bring love down into our hearts, with its manifold delights and pleasures, it is essential that we should look upon everything about us in none but the spirit of love. For example: if we are frank, kind, and generous, with others, we feel the effect of it immediately in ourselves; but if we are forever filled with a caution which practically amounts to suspicion, all men will become over-cautious and suspicious in relation to ourselves. Action and reaction—the two polar elements, are ever at work through the whole realm of nature.

Violence among Generals.

Brigadier General Davis has shot and killed Major General Nelson at the Galt House, Louisville, There had been a difficulty between them of long standing. Davis had been deprived of his command through Nelson's interference and representations. but it was afterwards restored to him, and having at length met Nelson in a public place, demanded an apology from him, calling Gov. Morton, of Indiana to witness the conversation. Nelson twice slarped him in the face in reply to his demands. Davis then borrowed a pistol and followed Nelson up stairs, bidding him defend himself. He shot him through the heart, but Nelson lived long enough to get . npon his bed, where he soon died. What a pity our milltary leaders cannot get rid of their passionate jealousy, and so set a decent example to the men under only their country?

A Ministerial Senator

Btarr King is talked about for the vacant Senator This is getting up in the world, surely ; although, WM. F. GREEN, LAKE CITY,-Your order has been when it was proposed to Henry Ward Beecher to run form us in what State you reside.

D. M. G., Landavar, Onto. Will write to you want as a missionary ! But a few such fiscards. King sprinkled over Congress would have a liberal the state of the s Remember this, girls: The secret which you dair not secret could n't do much better than to week this tell your mother in a dangerens secret it, tur onger it wein," it she feels at all disposed that warp it of

Emms Hardinge's Lectures. Unlike many of our cotemporaries of the States, who are yet skeptical in regard to spirit-communion, the press of Canada does justice to this um Hall, Thursday evening, Oct. 2d. lady as a lecturer. We subjoin a couple of notices of this lady's lectures at London, C. W. The Free Press says:

satiated the public minds for some weeks past, Miss Hardinge's lecture was not well attended, though all present last evening appeared deeply interested in the proceedings. Miss Hardinge is really—what so many of our cotemporaries have stated—a gifted and successful lecturer, possessed of elecutionary power of no mean order, earnest in her zeal for the mysterious cause which she advocates, and withal, being remark, ably chaste and pleasing in her style of delivery, she appears to rivet the attention of those present, whilst advancing her arguments in favor of the cause she upholds. We cannot say that we sympathize with the We cannot say that we sympathize with the lecturer in many of her notions relative to the doc-trine of Spiritualism, but this we can and do say, that if any one is capable of convincing the skeptical, life and its peaceful and happy reMiss Hardinge is the person. Relative to the efforts of the lady in question being extemporaneous, like many of our race we are not quite satisfied on this very important point; there is more indicative of a naturally studied oration, than one bursting forth it has been put in the back part of his head instead of the front. Spirmaturally studied oration, than one bursting forth it with not support of the same part of his head instead of the front. Spirmaturally studied force supposed too, at a moitualism constantly opens new beauties that are with untrammelled force, summoned, too, at a moment's warning. We of course can offer no positive testimony on the subject, giving the fair lecturer the fullest extent of belief which our credulity will allow. The Western Prototype contains the following:

Miss Hardings.—This celebrated lady gave her first lecture on Spiritualism, in the City Hall, on Taesday evening. Being prepared for a masterpiece of eloquence from the chief mistress of the "Harmonial Association," we went to hear, and were not disappointed. The lecture on "The Evidences of to men.

Spiritualism, or an Evening with the World of Spiritualism, or an Evening with the World of Spiritualism, could be a spiritual to men.

Miss Lizzle Doten.—It seems to me that with one transfer calculated to enchange and with the world of an attack the hands of angels, and with the its," was of the highest order of beautiful and sublime oratory, calculated to enchain and entrance an audience. We, however, feel that, regarding the lady being under "inspirational influences," with many others present, we must be more deeply impressed before we give up our skepticism. To those who really wish to sit an evening under the thrilling and burning elequence of a mind fraught with learning, trained in chemistry, astronomy, the scholastic book lore of the schools and generally wall and them here. schools, and generally well read, let them hear Miss Hardinge by all means. Her second lecture was fully equal, if not superior, to her first, and held the audi-ence in breathless attention, being of a nature to give more light on a subject that is now engaging the attention of many inquiring minds.

How the New Tariff Operates.

The receipts at the New York Custom House have ncreased so much as now to constitute an important aid to the Treasury in prosecuting the war. Last year the largest sum received in any month was \$2,500,000; but this year the monthly receipts have generally exceeded \$4,000,000, and in July amounted to \$7,200,000, the lightest month being January, when the receipts were \$3,350,000. The amount of imports for the past week were a little more than four and a quarter millions, and the total exports, including specie, were a little more than five millions. These figures show enormous gains, and prove conclusively that the "utterly prohibitory duties" do not quite keep out the prohibited articles. The consumption of articles formerly free, but now burdened with high duties, does not seem to have perceptibly fallen off. The predictions of the free traders have been signally fallacious, and the expectations of those who framed the new revenue system as signally vindicated.

Very Good Indeed.

· Red Tape" has come in for a fair share of ridi ule and indignant remark, since the war began; but really it never earned so clear a title to the former as in the following ludicrous instance. Col. Marston, of the 2d. N. H. Begiment, and an ex-Mem. ber of Congress, is the hero of the story. It appears that he wanted to make some sort of requisition on ome disbursing agent, or officer, and began to look around for paper on which to write it. He was obliged to search through the whole camp to find even a half sheet; and upon so meagre a specimen sat down to communicate his pressing need. Of conrse, his scanty supply of paper told his story much better for him than any demand he could make for aid, in so many words. He sent off his letter. and patiently awaited the return of his messenger. When the reply came back to him, it was in some thing like the following illuminated language: When Col. Marston has occasion to make use of a requisition upon this Department, he will please make use of a whole sheet of paper! Very respectfully." &c., &c. Now who would think that this is indeed a state of war?

The Russian Seris.

The Ukase, by the authority of which the white serfs of Russia are emancipated, provides that they shall remain for two years after emancipation at their present places of residence, during which they and their late proprietors must come to some agreement in regard to the sale and purchase of the home and piece of ground on which the serf has heretofore been living. If the proprietor refuses to sell, or asks an exorbitant price, such as the serf cannot hope to touch with his slender means, or if the peasant himself refuses to give a reasonable price, then Government will interfere. The nobles, as a general thing, are thus far averse to selling; and, on the other hand, very many of the peasants set up the claim that they are entitled to the lands they have been occupying and cultivating, without paying anything more for them.

The Line Storm.

It is difficult to say whether we have had this annual visitation or not. We had a couple of days' rain last week, and the old-fashioned people, like ourselves, who could n't possibly agree to it that winter had come even in December, unless the "line storm" had been here as usual, will insist on calling that slight dull spell by the much cherished name. It used to blow down steeples and pull up orchards by the roots; but now it comes and goes as gently as any "sucking dove."

A New Book.

A. Williams & Co., Publishers, 100 Washington street, have just issued an octavo volume of 267 pages. Its title page reads as follows : " Report of the Trial of George C. Hersey, for the Murder of Betsy Frances Tirrell, before the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, including the hearing on the Motion in Arrest of Judgment, The Prisoner's Petition for a Commutation of Sentence, the Death Warrant, Officer's Return upon it, and the Confession." We shall notice it more fully bereafter.

Miss Emma Hardinge

Will speak again in Lyoeum Hall in this city, ob Sunday next, afternoon and evening will be the last opportunity to hear this distinguished lec-turer for some lime to the post during th

Speakers' Meeting at Lyceum Hall. The Spiritualist lecturers closed their convention of three days duration by a public meeting in Lyce-

John Wetherbee, Jr., presided.

F. L. Wadsworth stated the objects for which this Association was got np, and also its " declaration of Doubtless owing to the many attractions which have sentiments." The Association was working to destroy old, unnecessary forms, and substituting new and useful ones in their places. The tenor of his liberal and generous sentiments could not help impressing every one who heard him with the desire to become more friendly and peaceful, one toward the other. He claimed that Spiritualism must make us more free, more peaceful, more harmonious.

Mr. N. S. Greenleaf, of Lowell, also spoke of the objects of this Association, and of the grand and beautiful influence of Spiritualism; of its new and the back part of his head instead of the front. Spiritualism constantly opens new beauties that are before and beyond us. The great object and work of Spiritualism is yet before us-is yet to be done. The faithful workers, all of them, shall yet be baptized with an undying inspiration. Spiritualism is a

hand I can take the hands of angels, and with the other take the hand of each one here, so near is the angel world to this. Harmony and peace shall come when the proximity of the two worlds shall be recognized. She spoke of the necessity and of the usefulness of this Association of Speakers. She spoke with a heart so full of charity, that all who heard her could not be otherwise than influenced to become less condemnatory and more forgiving.

Mr. A. P. Peirce, of Newburyport, spoke of the bondage of the spirit when it is confined alone to earthly things, and of its freedom when it ranges through celestial worlds. The great aim of Spiritualism is to bring out the inner man, and when brought out it can wander at its own pleasure through the regions of space. Spiritualism tends to the overthrow of selfishness, and to the institution of practical kindness, generosity, sympathy, and love for all.

Isaac P. Greenleaf made the closing speech. It was of the character of true Spiritualism—peaceful, kind, generous and loving ; free as the air of heaven, unclouded as the mid-day sun, genial as heaven's own breezes.

The meeting was very interesting, full of kindness and liberality one to another. It really seemed as if the spiritual world was as tangible to perception as

Whom the Rebels call Abolitionists.

A full, clear, and very forcible definition of what kind of persons the high priests of Rebellion mean to excommunicate as abolitionists, is given in the following language from the Southern Literary Messenger, the most pretentious literary periodical in all the Southern States:

"An abolitionist is any man who does not love als-very for its own sake, as a divine institution, who does not worship it as a corner-atone of civil liberty; who does not adore it as the only possible social condition on which a permanent republican government can be created, and who does not, in his inmost soul, desire to see it extended and perpetuated over the whole earth as a means of human reformation second in dignity, importance and sacredness to the Christian reliwho does not love African slavery with this love is an abolitionist."

What will freemen all over the world say to this Southern Platform? Is it not quite time that we strangle the monster that lifts its head up above the moral sense and reason of nine-tenths of the people of every civilized nation and says in emphatic language that slavery is a "sacred" institution?

Have You Corns?

Or better, have you not corns? For it would be as difficult a matter to find a person without corns, in these times, as to come across an individual troubled with this very common disease of cornucopia, will be thankful to know from a practised doctor of such diseases what they can do, and what they are to do, if they would find ready alleviation from their woes. This man of corn experience writes that the only sure and complete cure for a corn is its complete removal; and the wandering chiropodists either have not the skill or the patience to produce this result, and hence seldom or never produce a radical cure. After a hard corn has once been extirpated, acetic acid, or a solution of iodine, should be applied to the part, until all remains of the disease have disappeared. Even then, if pressure is allowed, a new corn is quite liable to occupy the seat of the old one.

Rebel Policy.

By the subjoined extracts from De Bow's Re view, our adopted citizens can see at a glance what they are to expect from the policy of the Southern Confederacy, should that ever come, by compromise or otherwise, to be the policy of any portion of the country. As they are to be outlawed by Jeff. Davis, it is for their interests to fight for the speedlest ofer throw of that traitor's bogus government All foreigners save those now resident in the South are to be excluded from citizenship and office, "With the exception of these, and after that time, no more votes should be allowed, and no more offices held, except by native born citizens of the Confederacy."

The naturalization law of the old government has proved of little benefit to the Southern States. Whilst

proved of little benefit to the Southern States. Whiles, our southern adopted citizens have proven themselves reliable, faithful and true to our institutions of the South, those of the North, who outnumber them twenty to one; have universally arrayed themselves foremost and in front of Lincoln's hordes in the work of raplue, murder, and destruction against the South. Hereafter, then, we can make no distinction between the Yankee and the foreigner; and both must decessative advanced the nivilege of citizenship, in this rily be debarred the privilege of citizenship, in this Confederacy.

Now Sheet Music.

Oliver Dieson & Co., 277 Washington street, have just published the following named new music:-"A Young and Artless Malden," composed by Howard Glover; "That Star Above Thee," by E. A. Samuels; Les Harmoniennes, No. 25 "The Valley of Roses," by J. Concone; "Chopin's Masurkas, for the plane forte, third set; "celebrated army sone and chorus, "Marching Along," by W. B. Bradbury; "Lead Mine Regiment Quick Step," by F. A. Hoppe, of Galena, Ill.; "The Lorette Polks," composed by turer for some time, all the print in another coloring. The Lorente Police of the James Pearce, and dedicated to the officers of the Trib Regiment in the District Tree of the parties of the print in another coloring. The parties of the print in another coloring.

Meetings of the Lyceum Church.

Townsend lectured before the Spiritualists of this even if they live poor to accomplish it. It was so Solty, afternoon and evening. Although the rain with one of the colored cooks of the wrecked Calipoured down in torrents the Hall was nearly full, fornta steamer, Golden Gate, who took advantage of and all were well pleased with the instructive feet the panio to get together such loose gold and silver three from this favorite speaker. In the arternoon, as the panic-stricken passengers had left in their after reading a satirioal poem, and offering prayer, state rooms and the cabine; and filling a couple of she improvised a poem and delivered a fine lecture good-sized carpet bage with them, he took one in on the Teachings of Nature, enforcing the truth that each hand, and a carving knife in his teeth, and all life is progressive. Every grade of animate or in- jumped overboard. Did he swim ashore with his animate life presents a determination to organize. booty? What a question! The person who report-Vegetation is ever speaking to us of organic ar- ed the incident, declared that "he anchored himself rangements. In the mineral kingdom changes are alongside the wreck, and did n't so much as show constantly taking place. Science establishes the his nose above water!" At all events, he did what idea that progression has left its impress on all hundreds more of his fellow-oregures labor a lifethe varieties of the vegetable and animal kingdom. time to do-he died "well off in a pecuniary point Man is the crowning point in the world of creation. of view." Decay is also stamped upon everything; there can be no advancement unless the material is first destroyed. The chilling frosts of winter are necessary to aid this change. All the material elements are disintegrated and thrown to the winds, while the vital fluids retreat to the roots, beyond the reach of the frosts and snows that mantle the earth. But a year, I may be poor compared with the majority of my associates: and very poor compared to my next door neighbor. With either of these incomes I am relatively more resplendent beauty and with increased vital fluids retreat to the roots, beyond the reach of productions. So with man: while disease is stalking through his system he is being rejuvenated, undergoing the change which is necessary before he enters the spiritual and immortal state of existence. Man is an organic institutution, subject to the same law of change as everything around him. This judgment against me; for the flesh that lies nearest to change and rejuvenation is necessary, that the world wheat some Shylock may be dusting his scales and whetting his knife." may be glorified and man be regenerated. Man is destined to be something more than he now is. All religious institutions are changing, and their creeds are mouldering in the dust; and while you behold the Church going down, you should reach forth and are being subjected to this law of change—the austump winds are howling around them. A re-organation of a higher and more beautiful order will be result—the grandest institutions the nations of earth have ever beheld.

nation, we have not practiced upon the preour millions of white slaves and four millions of lack slaves groaning in bondage will testify. We have pretended to be a United States, but have always been contending, in order to maintain this great evil, Slavery, in the land. But those miserable institutions are to be crushed to the earth, and o'clock. Opening lecture free. such changes take place as will make the blood course thrillingly through your veins. We look upon this war as a Godsend, for it will build up a better state of things. Hasten on the glorious time, for the hosts of heaven are gathered to bless mankind.

In the evening, after the usual exercises by the choir, Mrs. Townsend read the poem, "Hand to can do so by enclosing \$1.00 in each letter, and mailhand, with angels through this world we go," after which she offered a prayer to the Universal Spirit of Peace, and improvised unother poem, and then gave a very earnest and impressive lecture on the subject of "Worshiping God in Spirit and in Truth." All Life, all Manifestation is quickened by the Spirit transmitted by telegraph, and printed in our last God is a Spirit. In the beginning of oreation the issue, read that the representation of any State in Spirit quickened and brought into existence every thing that hath life, and the same Power is in operation as much to-day as then, and is silently working through all the mysterious ways of Nature. Spiritual manifestations are given to the world just in accordance with their ability to receive them. In the great workings of Nature nothing is neglected. The vegetable kingdom obtains all the aid it needs ors to alleviate the distresses of humanity, thereby from this vicinity who have joined the Grand Army. e true worship of God in Spirit an in Truth. Spiritual truths are rolling into your Arts and Sciences, and their elevating and ennobling | Camp, at Readville, on Friday last. They will receive influences will be felt in all coming time. The angel hosts are gethering to quicken your spiritual energies. You are beginning to cry out for freedom from priestoraft-from slavery.

All through the past ages your latent faculties equal understanding doubles his own. have lain domant—and why? Because you have been taught by the Church that you must not investigate this great subject, so vital to every human soul. But you are beginning to think for yourselves. lighten your understanding so that you can worship as often reappear in conflict. God in Spirit and in Truth. Spiritualism is silently gaining a place in the mother's heart and comfort ing her for the loss of her cherished idol. We have seen the old man who had tottered through life till he had reached the verge of the grave, doubting the Immortality of the soul, till some spirit in angelform tore away the life worn, impenetrable well from be too late, should enlist forthwith. his eyes, and he obtained a glimpse of immortal life just before entering its eternal portals. While A bachelor of our sequalntance, not yet quite fortyothers have been so surrounded by the dark wall of five who has always been a great stickler for ventilation. it, and they have passed on in darkness—to learn answer to his interrogator, Digby, who was present, on the other side how to worship God in Spirit and youchasted to after his opinion that the gentleman in Truth. While another, who all his life has been was afraid of a draft. behighted, is knocking at the spiritual telegraph of benighted, is knocking at the spiritual telegraph of Priend Gillett; the bigar dealer, at No. 125 Handos to inquire if it is possible for him to receive a over street, is a bit of a wag, as the following will message from the spirit world, and when he learns show: A penny-sliner of one of our dailles, called at Spirit and in Truth: Spiritualism teaches you there my clears puf themselves." The typo took "natural Is no death, and proves it.

We prophesy that your present forms of worship

us, worshiping him in Spirit and in Truth. Spirite. attem is teaching as something besides the immortality of the Boul It is teaching us morality, honesty, faithfulness to one audthor, and our duty to our oblidren, which, when fatterilly performed, will enable them better to indetacted how to worship God.

At the close of the lecture, she again improvised a poem, beginning,

Struggling through the storms and the tempest:

fat teilt to Jest Strong in Death. Phillipson and On Sunday, the 27th of September, Mrs. M. S. Many persons have a passion for "dying riob,"

> Poverty and Neediness. There is a distinction, yet who would have thought about it? Poverty—says Bulwer—is relative; needi-

ness is a positive degradation. And he adds: ... If I have only £100 a year, I am rich compared comes I may be positively needy, or positively free from neediness. With the £100 a year I may need no man's help; I may at least have my crust of bread and lib But with £5,000 a year I may dread a ring at my bell; I may have my tyraunical masters in servants whose wages I cannot pay; my exile may be at the flat of the first long suffering man who enters a

Immigration.

There arrived in the United States between the years 1851 and 1860-a period of ten years-2,874,-687. immigrants. Among these were 1,888,093 natake from it what Spirituality it has and put it to a tives of Great Britain and Ireland; 76,358 of France; better use. Political, civil and military institutions 48.887 of Prussia; 907,780 of Germany; 20,931 of Norway and Sweden: 25,011 of Switzerland; 59,809 of British America; 41,897 of China; besides smaller numbers of natives of almost every country in the world.

A Course of Sunday Morning Lectures at Lyceum Hall.

Dr. E. L. Lyon commences a series of Lectures at the above Hall, on Sunday, Oct. 12th, on The Divine Authenticity, or Plenary Inspiration of the Scriptures. First Lecture :- Origin and History of the Old Zestament. Services to commence at ten and a half

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Notice.-Dr. Farnsworth, the medium for answering scaled letters, having left town, those who desire to hear from their spirit friends, in a similar manner, ing it to our address. When no response is received, the fee will be returned.

Mrs. S. J. Young, Clairvoyant Medium, has removed from 583 Washington street to No. 30 Pleasant street.

The President's Emancipation Proclamation, as Congress on the 1st of January would be deemed conclusive evidence that "such State and the people thereof had not been in rebellion against the United States." The official copy, as printed in the National Intelligencer, instead of " have not been in rebellion," reads fare not then in rebellion." The difference is quite important.

PRINTER PATRIOTS .- There are fifty-two printers belonging to the Boston Printers Union in the Federal as fast as it can receive it. You are giving forth Army, and seven in the Navy. This only includes spiritual manifestations every day, in your endeav- about two thirds of the whole number of the printers

> The Eleventh Battery of Light Artillery, Capt. Jones, has been ordered to Washington. It left the their horses and guns on their arrival at the Capitol.

The understanding is lowered from association with inferiors. With equals it attains equality; but with superiors superiority. He who calls in the aid of an

The credit that is got by a lie, only lasts till the truth comes out.

An officer who was at the battle of Sharpsburg, says that he saw the "Green Flag" of General and to reason for yourselves, and the Spirit will en Meagher's Brigade go down five times out of sight, and

Mr. Colchester, the medium, has just returned from Europe, and may be found at 75 Beach street.

Drafting in this State has been postponed again. The time now assigned by the authorities for placing men in the ranks, outside of their free will, is the 15th inst. Those who would secure bounties ere it

A bachelor of our acquaintance, not yet quite fortybigotry, that the angels of light could not penotrate the state of the back. The back, giving no satisfactory was afraid of a draft, but there been contracted.

the truth, tears of gratitude roll, down his aged his office the other day, and saked Mr. G. If he did n't cheeks, and as the light dawns upon him he begins want a per put in the paper with which he (the itemto see how he could have better worshiped God in izer) was connected, " No," was the prompt reply, leaf."

"There's two ways of doing it." said Pat to himwill pass away, and you will worship in spirit—not self, as he stood musing and waiting for a job, If I one way in the week, but all. You will not then save me two thousand dollars. I must lay up two hunclothe yourselves in your finest garments for the dred dollars a year for twenty years, or I can put away Sabbath day only, but all the days God has given twenty dollars a year for two hundred years now which shalls do the thigher for our forest a radius and

According to the Palied States census of 1860, there were at that time about 180,000 more males than fe-males in the United States, a fact unprecedented in the census of any other divilized nation. In most of the older States there is an excess of females in Maste. chusetts. 37,000 more females than males, while in lilinois there is an excess of 92,000 males; in Michigan 40,000 excess of males; in Texas, 86,000; in Wisconsin, 43,000; in California, 67,000; and in Colorado there are

ANOTHER VALUABLE IMPROVEMENT .- The application of Steam to Photography is a new American Invention. Mr. Charles Fontayne, of Dinoinnati, has perfected a machine for printing photographs from the negative, at the rate of from two thousand five hundred to twelve thousand impressions an hour, according to their size. This opens a field to photography hitherto impracticable, in consequence of the time and expense of printbook, having all the perfection of a photograph, may be turned out, by the use of this machine, with a ra. is awakened in the cause of spiritual investigation. pidity wholly undreamed of, either in plate printing or lithography. The expense of engraving may be dispensed with, and the negative come direct from the artist's hands, drawn upon a prepared glass, from which, in the course of a few hours, the plates for a large edition may be printed, each one a perfect duplicate of the original drawing.

Surgeon Sayre, of the Bellevue Hospital, says most of the lint now in use is made, in great part, from cotton cloth. Cotton closes the wound, and produces an abcess above the opening. It is stated that there have been over two hundred deaths among the wounded soldiers brought to New York from this cause alone. Oakum, on the contrary, drains the pus from the opening, and enables the wound to heal perfectly.

A young conscript fell sick and was sent to a military hospital. A bath was ordered. It was brought move." into the chamber where the invalid lay. He looked at it closely for some time; then threw up his hands and bawled: "Great God! Doctor, I can't drink

Prentice wants to know whether he means wool on the sheep's back, or on the head of a "contraband."

A watch was exhibited in the London Exhibition smaller than a pea set in a ring for a lady's finger; it goes for six hours, and is valued at twelve hundred

Fight hard against a hasty temper. Anger will

come, but resist it instantly. A spark will set a

house on fire. A fit of passion may give you cause to mourn all the days of your life. Gen. Lee is nearly starved out, it is said, and has

got to retreat. Digby thinks it about time for him to be on a ke shore.

The Revenue Stamps intended for use on and after October 1st have not been received by the disbursing officer. Congress seems to have anticipated this case. and passed a special act to meet the exigency, which provides that no instrument on paper issued prior to the 1st of January, 1863, without being stamped, shall be deemed invalid on that account. Suits for the re- for many generations." covery of penalties can only be instituted by collectors, hence, if the stamps are not ready for use on the first of October, no injury or loss will result to the public.

THE BATTLES IN MARYLAND .- The official report of Gen. McClellan makes the Federal loss in the two battles 14,794. The rebel loss is said to be at least 30,000 men. We took from the enemy thirteen cannon, thirty-nine colors, and fourteen thousand small arms.

EDITORIAL DELIGHTS. -- If an editor omits anything, he is lazy. If he speaks of things as they are, people get angry. If he glosses over or smooths down the rough points, he is bribed. If he calls things by their proper names, he is unfit for the position of an editor. If he does not furnish his readers with jokes, he is a muliet. If he does, he is a rattlehead, lacking stability. If he condemns the wrong, he is a good fellow, but lacks discretion. If he lets wrong and injuries go unmentioned, he is a coward. If he exposes public man, he does it to gratify spite-is the tool of clique, or belongs to the "outs." If he indulges in personalities, he is a blackguard; if he does not, his paper is dull and insipid.

If you have an evergreen, or Norway spruce, balsam fir, American sprace, or any of the pines, and desire to make it grow more compact, just pinch out the bud your evergreen will continue thereafter to grow thick-

General Butler has organized, in New Orleans, a reg. the public." ment of colored men, and it is the unanimous testimony of the general and all the officers under his command that they are capital soldiers in all that relates to drill and discipline, and that they will fight! General Butler is of the opinion that with 20,000 whites and the privilege of enlisting 50,000 blacks, he could crush the rebellion in the Cotton States in just ninety

AN EMPRESS TURNED EDITOR .- " La France" is s new journal which has suddenly sprung into existence. notoriety and influence in Paris, and the Empress Eugenie is said to be its chief editor and proprietor.

Lake Superior copper production has now reached to an amount more than half as great as the Cornwall mines of England. The average production of the latter is about thirteen thousand tons; that of Lake Superior for 1861 is seven thousand four hundred and Sunday; Miss Lizzie Doten in Springfield; H. B. Storfifty-tons. The increase from 1860 is two thousand er in Plymouth; Warren Chase in Lowell; Frank L. tons.

MASSACHUSETTS has, since this war begun, been outdone by no single State. She has been lavish, almost to wastefulness, of her men and money, considering that no sacrifice was too great if the nation could be that he sacring was too great in the nation with the saved. From a feeling of the intensest patriotism, the Old Bay State has been elevated to great prominence in the contest for freedom now raging. And worthly has the position been filled. Nothing has been laoking, in the administrative agents of the people's will, to carry out the their wishes fully and to fulfill the mission devolving upon the State. With weak or incompetent officials in high places, Massachusetts would never have filled the space in the public estimation, or exercised the influence in the councils of the Union. that now make her one of the most powerful of the United States. The status of the Commonwealth, in relation to other loyal States, was well illustrated in the Convention of Governors at Altoona, called for the purpose of taking measures "for the more active support of the Government."—Transcript.

It has often been remarked that we are all a little better than our enemies think us; to which might safely be added, that we are all much worse than we think ourselves.

The Unitarian preacher of Fitchburg, Mass., no long since prayed for the rebels in this style: 40 God I we pray thee to bless the rebels. Bless their hearts with sincere repentance. Bless their armies with defeat. Bless their social condition by emancipation." Amen say we to that.

Charles F. Pond, of Hartford, Conn., famous as an importer of foreign cattle, was seriously hurt a short time since by an Ayrebire bull that he stempted to drive out of an enclosure. The animal tossed him nitteer or twenty feet, and gored nim till driven or ter. with pitchforks.

and then read Longfellow's besuitful Psalm of Life:

wenty makes to one female.

Life is but an empty deam that four the soft is dead that fluiders.

And things are not what they seem.

And the course of camp life, as such articles to on
The prise proclamation. Three ne
The prise proclamation was only published their free seems.

And the course of camp life, as such articles to on
The prise proclamation was only problems and the prise proclamation.

And the course of camp life, as such articles to on
The prise proclamation.

And the course of camp life, as The First Case of Enancipation I learn that

Correspondence in Brief.

BRO. L. K. COONLEY Writes from Milwaukee, Wis., as follows: "We commenced our course of lectures here, Sept. 14. The audiences were very small, owing, it is said, to a lack of proper notice. In consequence of a pressing necessity at Burns, La Crosse Co., for our services for healing, as well as speaking, ing as ordinarily practiced. The illustrations for a the friends in Milwaukee kindly granted us one week to devote as above. At Burns much interest

A very prominent Baptist deacon came out boldly and declared that he could not see any cause for the phenomena, except as claimed that it was the work of spirits.' He was equally interested in the lectures, and other powers manifested.

By the assistance of the kind angels I was enabled. to examine, and describe to the friends the situation of a very sick lady, some two miles away from the grove. She was entirely helpless. By our gifts ap. plied, in four days she could raise herself up in bed. Our services for healing soon became in great demand. The Methodist minister, though claiming that these gifts are the work of the Devil, permitted his wife to apply for our aid to relieve her of diseases which the professed godly doctors could not re-

B. O'Connor writes from Belfast, Wis, as follows: DEAR BANNER-You are of course aware of the death of my son, Col. Edgar O'Connor of the 2d Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers. He was an ardent A Northern editor predicts that wool will be king. and intelligent Spiritualist. He, like Paul, could give a reason for the hope that was in him. He has given us such positive evidence of his spirit presence, that we have almost ceased to think of him buriedon the battle-field. Oh, glorious thought, that though the bodies of our loved ones are in the grave, we know their spirits are with us, to love and to guide us. Edgar was our only child; and none but God can know the severity of this bereavement to us and were it not for the fact of knowing he is here with his affections entwined around us, life would hardly be supportable."

> A correspondent writes: "I had been denouncing priestoraft, and recommending the BANNER, at the same time handing it to Rev. Mr. N. Rev. Mr. D., who was present, glancing his eye at the title, remarked: " BANNER OF LIGHT-New Light ?" " No. sir," said Mr. G., " Old Light, shining through windows which have been darkened from various causes

> A correspondent writes: "In the BANNER of September 6, appears a communication from Battle Creek, Michigan, the sum and substance of which is that "Animals do not pass from earth to the spiritworld." On reading the same the following thoughts coour to me : 1st. Intelligence cannot be destroyed. 2d. All animals possess intelligence in a greater or less degree, consequently that intelligence exists forever. Further: the idea of spiders filling space methinks belittles an enlarged conception of space. G. M. D."

Mrs. M. S. Townsend writes: "Those who have appreciated the noble life and example of our departed sister. Miss A. W. Sprague, who wish to express their sympathies to her mother, Mrs. Betsey Sprague, Plymouth, Vt., will rest assured that such communications will be gratefully received."

JACOB LANDIS Writes from Middletown, Penn .:-Enclosed fine \$1.00, for which please send one copy of Bannen or Light to my address. Few persons but the direct believers in Spiritualism, seem to know the real value of the paper which you publish. In my opinion many of the contributors think too fast, and write too fast. Their judgment being from every leading branch, all around and over it. fast, and write too fast. Their judgment being Repeat this process again next year, at this time, and rather too weak for their imaginations. This is a great impediment to the circulation of the productions of Spiritualists among the practical portion of

A correspondent at Chagrin Falls, Ohio, writes :-The noble BANNER, unfurled to the breeze of truth, comes to us richly laden with interesting news. God bless you and it. May it ever wave."

A subscriber writes: " The reason I like the BAN-NER is because of its liberality. 1 do not find it afraid to discuss a question because it is new to the world or novel in its character. My old address is Durand, Ill. I shall help to keep the Banner affoat as long as I can earn thirteen dollars per month in the army. Long may it wave."

Announcements.

Miss Emma Hardinge will lecture in Boston next Wadsworth in Chicopee; Mrs. M. S. Townsend in Taunton; Mrs. Amanda M. Spence in Marblehead; Mrs. Augusta A. Currier in Providence, R. I.; N. Frank White in Stafford, Conn.; Mrs. M. B. Kenney in Putnam, Conn.; W. K. Ripley in Stockton, Me.: A. E. Simmons, in Windsor, Vt.; Charles A. Hayden in Bradford, Me.

Miss B. Anna Ryder will lecture in Milford, N. H., the last three Sundays of October, and will receive calls to lecture in that vicinity. Address as above, or Plymouth, Mass.

Mrs. Laura DeForce Gordon will lecture in Taunton the two last Sundays in October.

To Our Subscribers! Your attention is called to the plan we have

adopted of placing figures at the end of each of your names, as printed on the paper or wrapper. These figures stand as an index, showing the exact time when your subscription expires; i. c. the time for which you have paid. When these figures correspond with the number of the volume, and the number of the paper itself, then know that the time which you subscribed is out. If you desire to continue the Bannes, we should be pleased to have you remit whenever the figures so correspond-otherwise, we shall know that you do not wish to renew. The adoption of this method saves us the expense of sending out notifications, as heretofore, and at the same time keeps each subscriber posted in the mat-

Spirit Portraits.

DEAR BANNER OF LIGHT-I wish to inform those in Boston and vicinity, and New York City, who desire my services as an Artist Medium, the coming Fall and Winter, that I will, in company with my little guardian angel (wife,) visit their families, and do what we con in taking the portraits they wish; if it be their desire we should do so. We shall fill but few orders per let. ter at present. My health being poor, I shall take no public rooms this Winter. Those writing in tegard to pictures will please anclose two red stamps, as their letters will, not be answered otherwise. The price of pictures range from \$10,00, upwards. My Post Office address in for the present, Box 65, East Boston Make. Most traly thing, W. P. Andangon; East Boston, Mass., Oct. 2nd, 1862.

The Arcana of Nature.

This volume, by Hudson Tuttle, Esq., is one of the est scientific books of the present age. Did the reading public understand this fact fully, they would have the work without delay. This work has found its way into Germany, been translated into the German language by a gentleman well known to the scientific world, and has been extensively sold in that country. We will send the book by mail to any part of the United States, on the receipt of \$1,00.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

As this paper circulates largely in all parts of the country, it is a capital medium through which advertisers can reach customers. Our terms are 10 cents per line for the first and 8 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

MR. COLCHESTER.

TEST, BUSINESS AND PROPRETIO MEDIUM, having returned from Europe, has engaged from a 1.75 Beach strept, where he can be consulted as usual. Bealed letters

Books. Aew.

NOW READY.

THE Sunday School Class-Book,

NO. ONE.

THIS interesting little work is designated especially for the young of both sexes. Every Spiritualist should introduce it into his family, to aid in the proper enlightenment of the juvenile minds around him.

The Book is handsomely gotten, up on fine, tinted paper, substantially bound, and contains fifty-four pages. Price-Single copies 25 cents, or five copies for \$1. It will be sent to any part of the United States on the receipt of th

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DIVINE REVELATIONS. AND A VOICE TO MANKIND. BY ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS.

TNHE Publisher takes pleasure in announcing the appearance of an edition of Nature's Divine Revelations-the earliest and most comprehensive volume of the author-19sued in a style the work merits.

The edition of the REVELATIONS is issued on good paper, well printed, and in excellent binding, with a family record attached. This large volume, royal actavo, 800 pages, will be ent to any part of the United States on the receipt of Two Dollars. Address BANKER OF LIGHT, Boston, Mass. June 28.

A B C OF LIFE

BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

AUTHOR OF "WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT," ETC. TS NOW READY, and will be sent, post-paid, to any part of

L the country for 25 cents.

This book, of three hundred Aphorisms, on thirty-six printed pages, contains more valuable matter than is ordinarily ound in hundreds of printed pages of popular reading mater. The work is a rich treat to all thinking minds.

For sale at the office of the Banner of Light, 158 Weshing-

A PLEA FOR FARMING AND FARMING CORPORATIONS. BY A. B. CHILD, M. D.

on street, Boston.

THIS BOOK clearly shows the advantages of Farming THIS BOOK clearly shows the advantages of Farming over Trade, both morally and financially. It tells where the best place is for successful farming. It shows the practicability of Farming Corporations or Copartnerships, It gives some account of a Corporation now beginning in a new township adjoining Kidder, Mo., with suggestions to those who think favorably of such schemes. And, also, has reports from Henry D. Huston, who is now residing at Kidder, Mo., and is the agent of the Corporation now beginning, and will act as agent for other corporations desiring to locate in that vicinity.

in that vicinity.

The whole book is valuable for every one to read, for it is filled with useful suggestions that pertain to our daily wants, to our earthly well-being. It is a straight-forward, unselfish Bent, post-paid, from the Banner of Light Office, for 25 cts.

A SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVING

S. B. BRITTAN, JR.,

A IDE to Capi. W. D. Porter, who was killed on board the U. S. Gunboat Essex, at the taking of Fort Henry, February 6, 1862, is for sale at this office. PRICE 50 ORNTS.

It will be sent by mail on the receipt of the price and one three-cent postage stamp.

The proceeds of the sale of this fine Engraving are to go to aid in erecting a suitable monument over this youthful hero's remains in Rosendale Cemetery.

July 19. BOOKSELLERS' AND NEWS-VENDERS' AGENCY.

Sinclair Tousey, 121 Nassau St., New York, General Agent for THE BANNER OF LIGHT, -

Would respectfully invite the attention of Booksellers, Dealers in cheap Publications, and Poriodicals, to his unequalled facilities for packing and forwarding everything in his line to all parts of the Union, with the utmost promptitude and dispatch. Orders solicited. DYSPEPSIA AND FITS.

A sure Cure for these distressing complaints is now made known in a "TREATISE ON FOREIGN AND NATIVE HERBAL PREPARATIONS," published by DR. O. PHELPS BROWN. The prescription, furnished him by a young clairvoyant girl, while in a state of trance has oused everybody who has taken it, nover having failed the a single case. It is equally sure in cases of Fits as of Dyspepsia; and the ingredients may be found in any drug store. Those who are afflicted with Consumption, Bronchitts or Asthma, may also be cured by the use of my Herbal Preparations. I will send this valuable prescription free to any person on receipt of their name, Address, DR. O. PHELPS BROWN, No. 19 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J.

2 W. Oct. 4.

4317 PIECES OF ASSORTED JEWELRY, FOR \$50.

ALSO, WATCHES! WATCHES!! WATCHES!!! At Panic Prices. Trade List sent free. Address, Salisbury Bro. & Co., Providence, R. I.

O. L. GILLETT, MANUPACTURER OF, AND DEALER IN,

HAVANA AND PRINCIPEE CIGA**RS**

A NORTH MARKET STREET, (UP STARS.) BOSTON.
All orders promptly attended to. is3m Sept. 27.

PRODUCTS OF THE FARM

M. & C. H. RYERSON,

REPECTFULLY invite the patronage of the Farmers and Bhippers of Farm Products to the New York Marsot, and will employ their best business takets and industry in selling whatever may be covelened, to them, making prompt remittances. The undersigned will also give attention to the purchase of Foreign and Domesite Fruits and Grocleries, for Parties residing out of the city.

Mo. 162 Washington street, corner of Dey.

REFERENCES: Printer perior 10 18.3B.; BRITTAN, New York Outtom House (1911) Lopi. 90.

Message Department:

Each message in this department of the Banner we claim was spoken by the spirit whose name it bears, through Mrs. J. H. Cowarz, while in a condition called the Trance. They are not published on account of literary merit, but as tests of spirit communion to those friends who may recognize

them.

These messages go to show that spirits carry the character-istics of their earth-life to that beyond—whether good or

We ask the reader to receive no decirine put forth by sirits in these columns that does not compute with his spirits in those columns that does not comport with his reason. Each expresses so much of truth as he perceives—

Our Seamces .- The Scances at which these communi-No. 158 Washington are held at the Banker of Light Office, No. 158 Washington Street, Room No. 5, (up stairs,) every Monday, Turnbay and Thursday afternoon, and are free to the public. The doors are closed precisely at three o'clock, and none are admitted after that time.

MESSAGES TO BE PUBLISHED.

Thursday, Sept. 11.—Invecation; Questions and Answers; Frances E. Thacher, of Montpeller, Vermont, to her father, Samuel Thacher; Matthew Grover, of Boonville, Missouri, to his twin brother, David Grover; Colonel Powell T. Wy-

to his twin brother, David Grover; Colonel Powell T. Wyman, of the 16th Mass. Regiment.

Monday, Sept 15—Invocation; Questions and Anawers;
Pon Jose Betescoat, of Matanzas, Cuba, to his sons Casper and Jose; Herman Lawronce, of Peru, Maine, died at Port Royat; Henry f. Sanderson, late of the Virginia Riffemen, to his mother, Catnerine Biton, of Enterprise, Ky.; Marian Moseley, to her mother, in Harvey street, New York.

Thesday, Sept. 16.—Invocation; Questions and Anawers; William H. Guild, to his father, Theodore T. Guild, of Richmond, Virginia; Martha L. Yates, of Yarmouth, Nova Beetis, to her mother; Henry Dunbridge, to his father, in London; Mary Carney, to hor father, in Boston.

Thursday, Sept. 18—Invocation; Questions and Anawers; William Keite, formerly of Northampton, England; Mariam Douglass, to her mother, in Chicago, Ill.; Benjamin Barnes, of Whakehan, Missouri, to his sons, William and Bonjamin, of the 10th Indiana Regiment; Biobard Aldrich, of the

of the 10th Indiana Regiment; Richard Aldrich, of the Montgomery Ridemen, killed at the late battle at Bull Run.

Invocation.

Oh, thou Spirit of the Hour, thou mysterious, invisible being whom men call God, thou whom we recognise as our Creator and the Divine Source of all life, we would at this moment lay all our thoughts upon the scale of thy mighty Being. And oh, Father, we know full well that when thou hast weighed them well thou wilt give unto us such as we deserve. Oh, Father, accept, we beseech thee, the love and confidence of thine earthly children. Our Father, we feel that thou wilt bless us, that thou wilt bless such of thy children as do stand upon the brink of eternity at this hour. We ask this much for them, for, oh Lord, if they know thou art with them they surely cannot fear. For though they walk through the valley of the shadow of death, yet shall they fear no evil, for thy rod and thy staff will comfort them.

Have the friends any questions to propose? If so, we are ready to answer them.

No response.

We come among you to give whatever light it is in our power to give the children ef earth. We come among you also to receive light, for though we have passed beyond the boundaries of time, yet we have still much to learn. Therefore we ask that you will give us of your light, and in return we will give you of ours.

Sept. 8. Sept. 8.

General Ben. McCulloch.

I beg pardon for so abruptly intruding myself in your midst. [It's no intrusion, sir.] I find I am unaccountably opposed in my control. It may be that the magnetism of your individual presences is not exactly adapted to my wants, consequently I feel a lack of power and a sense of opposition. Nor do I care, since I have a purpose in view. That purpose I conceive to be as high as yours, as sacred to me and mine as yours could possibly be.
You expect to speedily find yourselves at peace

with your Southern brethren? [I only speak for myself: I do not.] It may be that you suppose you are rid of those who are cut off by death, so that they have no longer influence for good or evil. I know not how much importance you attach to these spiritual endowments, but they tell me that you, as Spiritualists, are peculiarly gifted, that you believe not as the masses do. [That is true.] Do you not know, then, that a spirit divested of its body has double the power without that form that it had with it? [I should suppose it might have.] Do you not know that you are rearing against yourself a large army in the spirit-land?

Why do you fight? Why do you longer draw the sword? Many will answer, because we are com-pelled to. I do not see it so. Many of your people may have forgotten that you, several years ago, rebelled against yonder government [referring to England]. You forget that your forefathers and mine were rebels in the eyes of the mother country at that time. The same power of rebellion that was born some years ago has not died yet. You have only lulled it to sleep, and the present century sees its waking powers in this civil war.

We, it is true, have held our over four millions of black men, but you have held us, and have compelled us to hold the blacks against our own inclination in the matter. Oh, I would ask, if you have any God; that he teach you wisdom. But I, for one, do not believe you ever had one. Why seek to compel the human spirit to live in bondage and slavery?

I come among you only to answer a question that was given me in the Western country some three nights ago, and with as little fear or concern of mind at the thought of exciting your eternal displeasure as I felt when death said, "Come, McCulloch, and let us travel together," as we have done. It may be that I should beg pardon. Have I offended? [Not at all.] Now to my subject. The friend who called me to his side in the Western country placed certain queries before me at that time, which I now propose

to answer here at this place. They were as follows: Tell us, do you understand the condition of your country North and South, and have you still the power to serve the cause you espoused while on earth? Give me, as a proof of your immortality, the last remark you ever made to me before death separated us.

Tom, I am just as sure of the ultimate success of the Confederate Army, as I am that the sun shines upon you and me." This remark was made in the presence of my friend, and in his alone, I believe.

That I am not asleep, that I have power to assist my friends, time may yet prove to them. I have already stated that I still believe in the ultimate success of the Confederate Army, and perhaps the zealone friends of the Union will say, You stand just where you did when death claimed you. But I am upon my own ground, and I mean to defend it, just

as much now as though I was in my own body. Friend, call for me again whenever you please; but at home, where the atmosphere is more congenial. I beg your pardon, Mr. Chairman, but I am but speaking through the peculiar magnetism of your northern sphere, therefore am excusable. Good day,

Edward Simpson.

I have a mother and sisters who are in ignorance of my whereabouts. They were told that I was slightly wounded and taken prisoner, and the fact was I was mortally wounded and taken prisoner, I lived anly eight or nine days, and, considering all things, I had quite as good attention as I could expect. I/ve been dead since July. If I could get the privilege of talking with those I know, I could do etter; it a pretty hard here.

My name was Edward Simpson. I was both in New York city went to St. Louis some eight years ago, and cettled there. My father was born in Maine, in a place called Strong, if you know where that is. His name was Ebenezer. He's been dead some years; so I have no communication to make to him. My mother I wish to commune with One sister is living in Massachusetts. I have one in New York, one also in Dayton, Ohlo, with whom my

mother resides. They are not favorable to this new soft of rel-

gion; but I've made a bold push in coming here today, for the purpose of undeceiving them in regard
to my fate. They suppose me to be still living, and
the message given by him who was once my husto my fate. They suppose me to be still living, and a prisoner. I wish to inform them to the contrary; band, is not recognised; that you have been told that I am no longer an imprisoned being, but a free that men a person never lived where he told you he spirit. They are wanting to hear from me, and I lived. I think the friends from whom you gained hope they went accuse me of treason, or any thing such information must have been misinformed of the sort, because I come in this way. I belonged to the 10th Ohio Regiment. I was a private, and, as my mother and sisters have heard, was subjected to

all the privations which go to make up a private's lot. But after I was wounded and taken prisoner, I can say for one, that I received much better treatment at the hands of my captors than I expected to get, and died; on the whole, I was rather well satisfied than otherwise with my condition.

About my business that was left at loose ends, I would say, let my sister's husband square matters up after his own judgment, and I shall, be satisfied. About this spirit-world, it's nothing as I thought it would be; totally different from what I expected. If I was n't so bad just now and so weak in the pow-

Our friend, Ben McCulloch, says that he believes in the ultimate success of the Confederate Army. If I had my own body and he his, and we were in as close proximity upon earth as we have been here to day, I'd whip his ideas out of him, or he should mine out of me. But, as we stand upon spiritual ground, I suppose we must not quarrel in this mat-ter of war. However, we certainly will agree to one thing, that is to disagree on this point. I find every one opinioned here the same as when on earth Well, I suppose they 've a right to their opinion. One thing is certain: I've carried mine with me to the spirit-world, and mean to put it into active service when I get a chance to.

You may say, friend, that my letter is intended for a mother and sister living in Dayton, Ohlo. [Please give us your age?] Between thirty-nine and forty years; that was my age as near as I can come to it. I had not seen forty when I left, but if I was here upon earth, in my own body now, I should be over forty. Are we always so exceedingly weak when we come here? [No. The next time you come you'll feel stronger. What battle were you wounded in ?] The battle of Fair Oaks, or White Oak Swamp. I do n't know what you would call it. [Do you think the Southerners are going to win the day?] Have n't I just said I did n't? Not I; I'm not such

Mary Jackson.

My mother says, "Come back, if spirits can come, and tell me of your home in heaven." First, I would tell my mother that my father joined me a week ago. When this war first broke out, my father sent my mother and myself into Maryland, because my mother wished to go, to be under the protection of her friends—her family. My father thought it best for us to go to Maryland until peace should be restored in Texas. There was much trouble anticipated in the latter State, and after we went away my father went into the army, and has occupied various positions in that branch of the government service; and my mother thinks of him as alive and well, and hopes soon to meet him again, and she has asked for me to come and tell her of my home in heaven. But my mother will never again meet my father on earth, for he is with me, and she must make up her mind to be happy and contented with-

My father's name was Eliphalet Jackson. My mother's, Olivia Jackson. My name is Mary. I was twelve years old. [When did you die?] I've been away six months. Through some friends my her such news. [What part of Maryland does your mother reside in?] She's in Fredericksburg now. Tell my mother a week ago to-day [Monday] my father joined me.

I died of fever. I cannot tell my mother much about my father's dying. I do not wish to. I will by every soul—may every rebellious mind think try to come to her and speak to her nearer. I feel and act upon the admonition and warning he so sad because I bring her such terrible news.

Joseph Foster.

I sought to make myself understood in the presable to do much. It was desired by one of the party evince the truth of its genuinness and earnestness. then present, that I visit this place and make a com- His body was brought here, it will be remembered,

It is near twenty-five years since I controlled a mortal body, and that was so totally different from the one I now use, as to make it rather difficult for me to hold perfect control at the present time. We are informed, when we come here, that we must lay others are not, which is the case with myself.

illness I should have felt differently, but I was cut off while making a struggle for life, consequently was not, in a natural sense, prepared to die. Therefore, I can but revert to those scenes with more power than I desire to, seeing I am bound to the present. The person I undertook to to hold conversation with was a retired sea captain, known as I may say I hailed from Providence, Rhode Island. I was a passenger upon the ill-fated Lexington. I had just returned from a foreign voyage,

pparently so near home and friends. are still in the midst of death," and when you and the surrounding country. Believe him not dead. think you have the longest lease of life here on then is my first and most important reason for coming to your circle to-day. Another is, I am very anxious to come into rapport with friends who may thousands who are so blindly moving on to the very be benefited by my coming in a greater or less degree; since we have all a something to do in this war upon their dearest friend—this most beautiful great reform, however small our portion of the task Union which is destined yet to become the paradise

I will here make mention of a letter that I sent to my friend Davis. That letter I believe bore the allegiance; believe not for a moment, however so date of the 17th of August, the August prior to my great may be your occasional victories, that you can date of the 17th of August, the August prior to my change, or dissolution. In that letter I made a request of my friend. I desired that he should do a quest of my friend. I desired that he should do a self to such an unhallowed scheme for to-day I should not be thus warning certain favor for me, for which I was to recompense self to such an unhallowed scheme for to-day I should him when we should meet on my return. If the not be thus speaking—I should not be thus warning contents of my letter were not now just as private in the many reckless men who are arraying themselve their nature as when first written, I would lay it against all that is destined to be great and beautibefore the public without hesitation; but as it is, I ful; all that the generations of men present and fu-

am the friend I say I am. am the friend I say I am.

I would now ask that my friend pursue the usual misery—see the turmoil I misery—see the turmoil I But I would speak of other things before leaving.

But I would speak of other things before leaving. course of investigation, bringing all his reason and judgment to bear upon the subject of Spiritualism, which is as yet a mystery to him, that he may not All know too well how I was deprived of my physicome to me in the spirit land without light, and un- cal form. Would that I had lost it in a better cause prepared for the change as I did. He has time I left behind me a dear wife and darling little shild, enough left to make all the inquiries with regard to whom I have often visited in spirit, but they knew this new religion that it is necessary for him to it not, though my wife has often dramed of me in

soon to undergo, as I should with many persons. ... her bathed in tears because of my death; and oh, He professes to believe that there is no hereafter, how often, too, have I sought to comfort her in these but owing to some condition he cannot account for, weeping moments. And here I would say to her, he has been a little wavering in that respect of late. Think often of me, and believe that, though bodily He may as well asoribe that feeling to an intense gone, I am with you still. I would also say to her, desire upon the part of his friends in spirit land to that if she will visit a medium, I will say much to

We lived some time in Winslow, Maine, but before we lived there, we lived in Weymouth, Massachusetts, just as my husband stated to you in his communication. I am Lucy Cushman, who died in the year 1846, in the town of Winelow, Maine. I was the wife of Joshua Cushman, who came to your cirole with a letter to his friends, a few weeks since.

The guide here told me they were called upon to make an explanation of the matter. You'll please to rectify it. [What was your husband's business?] He was a farmer, though it 's something like thirty years since we lived there. He was correct in saying that we lived in Weymouth. There was no mistake in the communication, only upon the part of the friends who kindly investigated the matter. I er of muscular control, I'd give you an idea of the would ask that they look a little further. That's world of which I have so lately become a resident. what I came here for to-day, to correct this matter. what I came here for to-day, to correct this matter.

VOICE OF A DEPARTED SPIRIT.

BY CHRISTINA ROSETTI.

" No one knows us, no one heeds us. We are but a burden to you;
And we see that the departed
Have no place among the living."—[Longfellow. When I was dead, my spirit turned

To see the much frequented house;
I passed the door and saw my friends
Feasting beneath green orange boughs.
From hand to hand they pushed the wine, They sucked the pulp of plum and peach; They sang, they jested, and they laughed, For each was foud of each.

I listened to their honest chat. Said one, .. To morrow we shall be Plodding along the featureless sands, And coasting miles and miles of sea."
Said one, "Before the turn of tide
We will achieve the eyric seat." Said one, " To-morrow shall be like To-day, but much more sweet.'

To-morrow," said they, strong with hope, And dwelt upon the pleasant way: To morrow," cried they, one and all, But no one spoke of yesterday. Then life stood full at blessed noon,

I, only I, had passed away. To-morrow and to-day," they cried; I was of yesterday.

I shivered, comfortless, but cast No chill across the table cloth; I, all forgotten, shivered, sad To stay, and yet to part how loth i I passed from the familiar room.
I who from love had passed away, Like the remembrance of a guest That tarrieth but a day.

MESSAGE FROM A REBEL.

VIEWS FROM A SPIRITUAL STANDPOINT.

EDITOR BANNER-I send you the enclosed message, purporting to come from a young lawyer, who formerly lived in this city, and who was killed in Virginia during the early part of the struggle, by some scouting parties, I believe. Mr. Dreux was a young man of much promise, and was widely known and mother heard that I might come, and so she's asked respected in this and adjacent sections-was a fluent for me to come. But she do n't expect I will bring and quite eloquent speaker; and many times have I heard him in an impromptu effort. His message will be widely read, and may be the means of doing a world of good. I send it just as written. It tells its own story. May the words he puts forth be felt and act upon the admonition and warning he so earnestly inspires, for their attention and succor.

I will here add, that while the message was being written the medium felt much moved, and a disposition to weep was manifest, especially when speaking ence of some friends a few weeks since, but was not of his companion; which, doubtless, goes far to munication here. I was then informed if I could do for interment, and was followed to the grave by an this I should find favor with my friends. immense concourse of people. · New Orleans, Sept. 19, 1862.

My name is Charles Didier Dreux. I was a rebel. I come here to-day to say a few words by aside all thoughts of the body we owned during our permission of those dwelling in planes far beyond earth life, and devote ourselves entirely to the con- my unhappy condition. Before reaching this sphere, trol of the one so kindly loaned us. Some of us are when an inhabitant of this city, where my wild asable to divest ourselves of all thoughts of that body; pirations and wreckless pursuits are familiar to every one, I had often heard and talked about spirits I suppose if I had been cut off after a lingering and Spiritualism, and often did I say that the followers of such foolishness ought to be drummed out of the South. But how differently do I feel now! Then I was blind-now I see. As all know, I was a young man, full of hopeful ambition, and, like too many of my creole friends and devotees, was wanting in that most essential quality that should adorn every man's nature-wisdom. And, at an hour when I should Captain William Davis. My own name, Joseph have been engaged in assuaging and calming the elements of passion and discord, I joined the riotous crowd, and, with torch in hand, sought to lead them to the destruction of this then beautiful and peaceful left my vessel in New York, and was returning Union, that had never done me ought but goodhome to greet my friends; and you may suppose she that I had been loved and cherished under—the that after having safely accomplished a long voyage Union that had guaranteed to me and all the world by sea, I was little prepared to meet my death when the right to be free and happy. But my recklessness soon swept me away—and to-day I stand, a spirit, in the broad vestibule of spirit-land, looking It will not be wondered at then, that I live over spirit, in the broad vestibule of spirit-land, looking again even in the present hour, the sad scenes of the out upon the scenes of the outer world; and, though past. But I am very anxious for more reasons than I long not to possess again my bodily form, yet I one, to convince my friend of my presence here to- would speak a word to those in the mortal state who day. I will here plainly affirm, that one reason is are seeking to destroy this great Republic. To such because I expect him to join me here in the spirit- I would say—pause—reflect—be wise—ye know not land, before a great while. He is in fair health at what you do. "Charlie Dreux" is a name as fathe present moment, I know, but even "in life we miliar as A B C to all the people of New Orleans No; and though I am without my earthly form, to you often find you have the shortest. This move visibly about your streets-though I can no longer, as in other days, sway the multitude from the stump or rostrum, yet I can whisper to the thousands who are so blindly moving on to the very

of Human Grandeur and Greatness. Oh, my friends, cease at once and return to your only mention the letter that my friend may know I ture have to hope for. For if the Union were de-

make. I know with whom I am dealing, therefore her sleeping hours, and wondered "it Charlie could do not fear to talk to my friend of the change he is really come back;" and oh, how often have I beheld

ent condition of America is long to last, or that the Union will be broken up, for I perceive that neither are possible or right. And I will here say to her and to all, that Slavery will soon die forever, though as all doubtless know who knew me, I was pro-clavery when in the body and of earth. There are no slaves in spirit-life, and consequently no slave-holders, nor is it recognizable as a right, human or Divine, in spirit-land, to hold a fellow being in bondage, much more to buy and sell him. And I now strongly believe, had there been no slavery in the Union, there would have been no war. And to all those who own slaves, I would say, I would be seech, -oh, liberate them at once; provide for them, educate them-and you will become happier, and the war will soon cease to bring you discouragement

To my father, and other members of his family : I should be glad to have the opportunity to speak a word to them all, through any medium they may choose to visit, who is sufficiently developed to enable me to say what I should wish.

Please have this printed in some Spiritual paper, so that I may be enabled to show my determination to place myself upon the side of goodness and truth. Please say also that I should be greatly pleased to have the editor of the Delta publish this in his columns, so that I may be enabled to reach all who now stand upon the delegated waves of direful destruction. Good day. CHARLES DIDIER DREUX. New Orleans, Sept. 19, 1862.

Do Spirits Foresee and Foretell Events? DEAR BANNER-Along the highways and through the by-ways of life, in public and private, do our spirit morn and dewy eve," perhaps, when we are forget ful of them-or, when we need, but expect them sustain to them-kindly cheering us, gently chiding, always loving and supporting us. It is from this part of life's o.role that one sees most clearly the brighter beauties of Spiritualism. It is here that it is doing silently its wondrous work. Under my own personal observation have fallen, in the few days just passed, events bearing witness to the fact of these beautiful relations, and of the powers of foresight which they possess.

In this place, (Quincy, Mass.,) reside Mr. and Mrs. R., with whom I am well acquainted, Mrs. R-being an impressional writing medium. A few weeks since, Mr. R-was called to New Hampshire, to witness, as was supposed, the death of his father. Days passed, however, and he recovered so far as to be able to go out of doors, with pros pects of a continued increase of strength. While mafters stood thus, (September 11th.) Mr. R.'s sister came to Mrs. R., (here in Quincy,) and wrote, (I that could be no posssible excuse for him to dewas present at the time of writing) :

"Dear George"-(Mr. R.'s christian name)do not wish you to leave the old home till after next week, for father will have another severe attack of sickness on Wednesday, Thursday, or Friday, and if nature survives that struggle, he will continue some weeks, and perhaps months." Your sister, SABAH ANN.

This was forwarded to Mr. R.

Sunday evening, September 21st, the same spirit same again and wrote:

"Dear Jane"-(Mrs. R.'s Christian name)-"I came to you before to give through you a prophesy concerning father's sickness. The prophesy has been fulfilled. The crisis has passed, and father remains in the form. He may survive some weeks, two weeks longer to assist in preparing for the fu-ture. You will receive a letter soon confirming all I have told you. O Signed, SARAH ANN." Monday morning, September 22d, Mrs. R. received

letter from Mr. R., containing the following: "Dear Jane-Before I received your last I had Thursday. We thought he was again to be as sick as ever, but he is better, and yesterday he got out of doors again. He is very anxious I should stay and see to the harvesting.

Yours, &c., GEORGE." It will be seen that I have simply made extracts from these letters, wishing only to embody the test portions. I consider it a "clear case," having personally observed the circumstances as they transpired. I am yours for Truth,

F. L. WADSWORTH.

Quincy, Sept. 25, 1862.

VERMONT.

Once more a soul that loves thee bids farewell to sprightly and joyous little snow birds, in a bleak De lous religion. cember storm, they seem all the warmer and merrier for the wintry dearth that surrounds them.

I came with the early August, from the Western the autumn frosts begin to tinge the forests and all are interested in hearing of them.

My opinion is, that it is a means used by our paint the groves with variegated beauty. As the cold winds creep in around thy hills, I move off spirit friends, to notify us of coming events, either myself another pleasant visit to thy hills and vales. liable now, as in the times recorded in the Christian But memory shall often turn and linger by thy babbling Bible. Two instances have recently occurred in this brooks and flowery nocks, and often draw away with city of events, which, from their publicity, must be it thy loved and loving souls.

around thy hills and vales, like fors when the storm is clearing away, and we have gut to aid in brushing away these remnants at a false religion, and ilawaken him to a knowledge of the truth before he her that will be of great use to her in her malks of comes to them. "Good day, sir, to the the Bept. 8. | through life. Let her cease to think that the presluming with sunshine, sill the fragrant fowers of

During my visit I have given twenty:three public ectures, about half of them on the war, in which I think I have done my share of arousing the patriotism of the Green Mountain Boys, and awakening them to the important issues of this national crisis; and the others on the Harmonial philosophy; which we shall need more than ever when the strife is over.

But I cannot tell in words how dear to me are the people who dwell on the " sacred soil " of New Eng. land, and especially of Vermont. It seems like the oradle that rocked my childhood, or like the mother's arms that bore me up when I was too feeble to walk-more so than even my native New Hampshire. In no section have I found our Spiritual philos. ophy better understood or more appreciated, and truer men and women I know cannot be found not even in the Old Bay State.

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Once more, and to the many friends of our religion, (arewell I May the blessings of heaven and earth fall boundifully in your pathway, and may the blessed spirits minister to your needs as they long have to mine. Then I shall know you are happy, though I may be far away, and not be able, as I so often have, to share with you in your happy homes the bounties and beauties of life. I shall linger a few months around the old Cradle of Liberty, and gaze a few times at the tall shaft on Bunker Hill, and, when the snows are drifting in the streets of New England, move slowly to the West, where friends will expect me to spend the next Summer, and to hear my volce friends inform us of their nearness, and, too, of their in defence of that highest and holiest of all subjects, kind attention lavished upon us. "They come at the life to come. When our nation is again at peace, and the returned soldiers are in the busy ranks of industry, and the sunny South is securely not. Most of all, we love the social relations we under our National Banner and Constitution, I may again visit your hills and homes and already know I shall meet again that welcome I have so often felt. Sept. 23, 1862. WARREN CHARR.

Items of Interest.

A recent number of the Bannes contains an article from Brother Bailey, of Pennville, in which, to exemplify a point, he refers and takes exceptions to conclusions in regard to the defection of Mr. A bler. I make it a duty to have no controversies any one, but deem it necessary to correct, as possible, the published recantation of Mr. A While I agree entirely with the positions laid, by Brother Bailey, I do not think the application Mr. Ambler's case a happy one; and I believe the had he read Mr. A.'s pronunciamento, he would have called me quite charitable. But assuming that Mr. Ambler had been poorly sustained pecuniarily, nounce Spiritualism in the manner in which he did. No one, I trust, questions for a moment any person's right to change their views, but each will claim the right to not be misrepresented by any backslider; and we must, in justice, at all proper times, correct palpable misstatements which otherwise would be likely to compromise us. :

Our friends in other places may be glad to know of the whereabouts of Brother Abraham P. Pierce. He has recently taken up his abode with us in the city of his birth and home of his childhood. He comes to pass with his aged mother the remaining days of her earth-life. Bro. Pierce is one of the best mediums in the field, and we hope his sojourn here but we can hardly say months. George will stay will be productive of much spiritual interest, and a consequent addition to the number of believers, made so by conclusive evidence, not by faith alone,

Rev. Mr. Atwell, pastor of the Universalist Church n a recent sermon, paid a very high tribute to Miss Emma Hardinge, for her efforts in behalf of the nade up my mind not to come home this week ifor Magdalens. He is an opponent of Spiritualism, father was taken with a violent attack of dysentery on but was candid in eulogizing Miss Hardinge.

The stereotyped phrase that "Spiritualism has died out," is occasionally repeated by creedists, who, while looking with vulture eyes to find some trivial bably two or three weeks to prepare them for the circumstance to justify it, are "blind as a bat" to their own tottering Church. If there is any one thing more plain than another in the effects of the rebellion, it is the gradual downfall of the Sectarian

A collector for one of our Orthodox churches recently went his round the second time to collect the yearly assessments, and of fifteen hundred dollars necessary to be raised, he collected less than three hundred. And now the paster of that Church is an applicant for a chaplaincy.

The growing intelligence of the people, the inconthy rocky peaks, thy shady slopes, and thy verdant sistency of the Priesthood and Professors, and last vales. The kindred hearts that dwell in thy white but not least, the effect of Sunday life in camp will and brown cottages will never be forgotten by the be a great lever in breaking up the ignorant bigotwriter while aught of earth hangs on memo- ry of the creed-ridden people; and not the least ry's wall. This world contains no warmer hearts, among the ultimate benefits to arise out of the war, no purer souls, than dwell among thy hills, though will be the breaking up of the Sectarian Church in often surrounded by deep-drifting snows. Like the this country, and from its ruins will arise our glori-

Whether dreams are precursors of events which they foreshadow, or whether they are vagaries of the brain from causes as yet unexplained, is an interprairie land, and depart with the late September, as esting question, especially amongst Spiritualists, and

toward the ocean, and two long winters and one for good or evil; and conclusive evidence has been short summer must come and go before I can promise given to me to show that dreams are at least as ret thy loved and loving souls.

Thine is a fit heart-soil for our new philosophy. no violence to the feelings of any one by relating them. Well may kindred spirits from both worlds meet The first relates to Mr. Dudley, Weeks the enginamong thy hills, and breathe a purer atmosphere of eer who was killed by the recent collision, of trains soul-life than can be found in the busy streets of our on the Eastern Railroad. The Sunday previous to polluted cities, where misery broods at midnight, the accident, Mr. Weeks, while lying on his soft, at and walks in brocades and broadcloth at noonday, noon, went to sleep, during which he dreamed; and Tby hardy sons, inured to toil, sleep sweetly and saw the accident plainly, even to his engine smaah-securely, and dream of future joys; and thy loving ed, and himself killed. He awoke, but did not redaughters waste no midnight oil over luxury and late his dream to his wife; but that same night he vice, but quietly retire from the toils of day to that was awakened by his wife catching hold of him in peaceful rest which the idle and wicked never know. a dream, saying "You shan't be killed." The Blessed be Vermont! She is already represented next day he related the dreams, and his wife laft in the army of angels which is coming to redeem the for Salem. On the night of the accident, some days world; and even among the standard bearers of that afterwards, Mrs. Weeks was impressed to go to the heavenly host stands our beloved slater Sprague, depot to see her husband, (as he passed through who bore aloft the white banner of love and peace Salem) a very unusual circumstance; and in one among us but a few short mobile ago. When last I half hour after, his dream became a reality. It is met her, it was in Lympus, at a convention, among also worthy of notice that the accident was caused her native hills, and I knew she was inspired with by Mr. Weeks not having received the orders inmore than scraphic fire; and well I knew (in June, tended for him. Now, here is a combination of cir-1861,) that ere long she would have her place smong cumstances willigh I chance think were chance soci-

the heavenly host. But her work and ours is not dents, were and the partition of the dents of the left, of the Soth Regiment Mass. Volume the father case was that of Captain A. The other case was that of Captain, A.TW. Bartlett, of the Soth Regiment Mass. Volunteers, killed at the recent bettle at Antistam. His father dressed that he saw the patile, and his, son killed after which the company was in command of a Lighter ant. Five days after, the dream was verified and affection shall blossom around twely home and heart, the bedy brought to hill dity and interredict cop! the offer Transportation to the the thought the contraction of th

Poverty in Paris.

Louis Napoleon has added greatly to the outward beauty and splender of Paris, but the improvements in streets and buildings have been attended with ... THEED . EDITION ... JUST ISSUED: great suffering to the people. One of the English Reviews gives a sad account of the condition of the inhabitants:

The most terrible feature of the present condition of things in Paris is the poverty. Since 1848 nothing has been seen like it. If you take long walks in Paris now, you will most likely be several times soccated by decently-dressed people of both sexes, but principally by elderly ladies, setually begging ! I have seen this phenomenon perpetually within the last three weeks. It is since the change in the weather that it is most to be noticed; for with bread, meat and wine at the price they stand at now, it is impossible for people with narrow means to live. In each of the sad cases I mention, the individuals belonged evidently to the better class of society.
Ten years ago, 3000 france per annum enabled a man and his wife to live with some small comforts, employing a femme de menage to do the housework, and even from time to time indulging in some very modest pleasure. Now, the matter stands thus: The apartment for which was paid 200 france, now costs from 500 to 600 francs; the taxes are nearly doubled; the boots-of which the man necessarily uses plenty because they are made of bad leather; and, if he has any employment, he has long walks to take—the boots run away, at the least, with another hundred francs; his clothing costs him \$75 at the lowest, for every article of it is dear and bad; and his linen is worn out quickly, because, soap being too dear, washing establishments resort to the most destructive processes for cleaning it. Here, then, we have \$250 or \$300 gone before a man in the position we state can stir out of his house, or be capable of moving about to gain his livelihood. Out of his \$600 a year there remain to him \$300 or \$350, upon which to find food and fuel, when bread is at one franc the four-pound loaf; wine, formerly at 8 and 10 sous, is at 15 and 16; and meat, for the small consumer, at from 20 to 24 cents a pound, and more; and when the potatoes that used to cost him two sous, now cost five; and the quantity of of soup-vegetables he used to get for three sous costs him seven or eight! And, be it noted, here ge have a yearly sum of income which is by no eans a low or common one; and we have not en into account one single article of expenditure

LIST OF LECTURERS.

are they to live?

we find them range from \$250 to \$350 or \$400. How

Parties noticed under this head are requested to call at tention to the Barners Lecturers will be careful to give us notice of any change of their arrangements, in order that our list may be kept as correct as possible.

MISS EMMA HARDINGS WILL lecture in Boston Oct. 12 in Marblehead October 19 and 26; in Philadelphia during Nov. Address, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Bos-Mass. Letters will be forwarded.

H. B. Sronke, inspirational speaker, will lecture in Ply mouth. October 12; in Providence, R. I., Oct. 19 and 26 Taunton, Nov. 2 and 9. His service may be secured for other Sundays in this vicinity, by addressing him at 75 Beach treet. Paston.

MISS LIZZIE DOTER will lecture in Springfield through Oct.; in Marbiehead, Nov. 2, 9 and 16; in Boston, Nov. 23 and 80; in Philadelphia through Dec. Address, care of Banner of Light.

F. L. WADSWORTH will lecture in Chicopee, during October; in Buston, Nov. 2 and 9; in Taunton, Nov. 16, 25 and 30.

N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Stafford, Conn., October 12; Somers, Ct. Oct. 19 and 28; Springfield, Mass, the five Sundays of Nov.; in Marbichesch, Dec. 7 and 14; in Quincy, Dec. 21 and 28; in Taunton, Jan. 4 and 11; Putnam, Conn.,

J. B. LOVELAND, will speak in Boston, Dec. 7 and 14. Address, for the present, care of Bela Marsh, 14 Bromfield street, Boston.

MRS. AUGUSTA A. CURRIER, will lecture in Providence, Oct. 12. Address, box 816, Lowell, Mass. AUSTRE E. SINKORS Will speak in Windson Vt. Sunday. Oct. 12. Address, Woodstock, Vt.

MRS. M. B. KENNEY WIll speak in Pdtusm, the three first Sundays of Oct. Address, Lawrence, Mass. Mras Emma Housron, will speak in Boston, Oct. 19 and 6. Address, East Stoughton, Mass.

Mas. M. M. Woop (formerly Mrs. Macumber,) will lecture in Foxboro, Oct. 19 and 26; Lowell, in November. Address, West Killingly, Conn. W. K. BIPLEY will speak in Stockton, Me., Oct. 12. Ad-

dress, Box 505, Bangor, Me. MRS, BARAH HELER MATHEWS, of Lowell, Moss., will recelve calls to locture in towns in the Western part of New Hampshire, or Southern and Central Vermout, Address East Westmoreland, N. H. Westmoreland, N. H.

S. PHELPS LELLED. Friends desiring lectures on Geology or General Reform, in the West, should write soon, as engagements are being made for the winter. Address, Cleveland, O.

land, O.

GEO. A. PEIECE, of Dover, Me., Trance Medium, will speak to the friends of Spiritualism, in towns in the vicinity or his home, occasionally, if the friends of the danse request, for two or three months, or till further notice, and of the land.

two or three months, or till further notice, and official L. K. Coonley, trance speaker, will declure the Sundays during Oct in Rishart, Ind.; Toledo, Ohio, four first Sundays in Nov.; Clyde, Ohio, Last Sunday in Nov.; Cleveiand, C., in Dec. Mrs. S. A. Coonley will give Recitations. Both are clairvoyants. Will speak week evenings in vicinity of Sunday appointments. Address accordingly.

REV. E. CASE may be addressed at Oseco, Hillsdale Co., Mich., for lectures on Spiritual and Religious topics, Astronomy, Geology, Music, Poetry, Wit and Humor, and the manal subjects said topics of popular lectures. He will also attend Marriage and funeral Services. He may be also addressed, care of Mrs. James Lawrence, Cleveland, Ohio, 18-18.

Mr. and Mrs. H. M. MILLER will answer calls to leature on the Principles of General Reform, anywhere in Penusyl-vania or New York. Also, attend funerals, if desired. Ad-dress, Elmira, N. Y., care of Wm. B. Hatch, or Comment, Ohio, care of Asa Hickox.

Mrs. S. E. Warner will answer calls to lecture abroad two Wisconsin.

BANDEL D. PAGE, trance speaker, will answer calls to lecture in the Middle and Western States. Address, Port Huron, Might

- 4 WY 7.467 A

Mas. O. M., Brown will spend the Autumn in Iowa.and Minnesota. Address, till further notice, Independence, lows, care of "Bising Tide."

ORAS, T. Inthe's address for a few weeks is Ledyard, Conn. He will feetive calls to lecture in the neighboring towns.

M. A. Hustra. W.

M. A. HURTER, M. D. Will receive calls to lecture. Address, box 2001. Rochester, M. T. MRS. FANNIE BUREAUX FELTON may be addressed at Wordester, Mass., care of Junes Dudley.

E. WHIDDLE is lecturing Dudley.

E. WHIPPLE is lecturing on Geology and General Reform.
Address for the Fall and Wheter, Kalamazoo, Michigan.
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will answer calls to lecture.

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him seven or eight! And, be it noted, here lave a yearly sum of income which is by no losing a low or common one; and we have not into account one single article of expenditure by not into account one single article of expenditure by the limits relatively high income we revert to the limits relatively of l

Chapter 10. The Old Red Sandstone Sories. Blending of the Formations; Definition of term Reviod; Duration of; Disappearance of Species; Reign of Fishes; Ganoids; Cephalasparance; The Law of Progress.

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Der; in Boston, Nov. Zand v. in Taunton, Nov. 10, zoand oo.
Addressaccordingly. He will answer calls to lecture in the
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MER. M. S. Townsend will speak in Taunton, October
12; in West Randolph, October 26; in Providence, R. I.,
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N. FRANK WHITE will speak in Stafford, Conn., October
18. Collte. Lias. Wealden. Lias; Pentacrimue;
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May 17.

Prospectus of the New Republic.

A Ta time so momentous as the present, there is an imperative demand for the exercise of all the wisdom, heroism, self-saorifice, charity, and the forgetting of all past differences, and the sinking of all worldly ambifion, is one sublime, prayerful, determined brotherly effort to save our beloved country from the terrible ruin that more than threatens to swallow up our libertles, prosperity, teace. How to conquer the rebels, is not all of the great problem that must be settled before there is any certainty that we, as a Nation, have anything in the future to hope for.

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The aim of the New Republic will be to combine an extra-

cal questions and principles of Government and human rights which the adjustment of our National politics will involve.

The aim of the New Repusic will be to combine an earnest and energotic radicalism with a wise conservatism. It will advocate all rational reforms, and seek to promote a greater unity of feeling, and concort of action, and comprehensiveness of view, among all classes of reformers. It will take sides with no party, and will never be involved in personal or party quarrels, of any kind, or in any degree. Seeking the construction in our Governments so far as it acknowledges and follows leadership, Jesus Christ will be its standard in morals, and Thomas Jofferson in posities. It will advocate a reconstruction in our Governments so far as to allow of a settlement of the Blavery question is such a manner as not to involve the sacrifice of justice, freedom, human rights, a sound policy and the Nation's asfet, on the one hand, or unconstitutional and despotic methods on the other. It will advocate a radical revolutional politics and governmental administration, so far as there has been a departure from the Jeffersonian Platform and systematic shd persistent, violation of the fundamental principles of the Government. It will be an especial sidvocate of simplicity and economy in Government, and attempt to demonstrate the correctness of the dectrine that, "that, Government is best that governs least." It will advocate a uniform and national system of currency, a uniform and humans system of prison discipline, uniform marriage and divorce laws, a new and improved system of representation, and present suggestive deas on the subject of schools, internal improvenents, post office regulations, &c. It will also give the thoughts of the ablest writers on Anthrofological and Physiological solutions.

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Written for the Banner of Light,

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF SPIRITU-ALISM.

BY EDWARD B. FREELAND,

The day has past when it was necessary to begin an article having reference to Spiritualism, with some proof of the truth of spirit-communication, or of the verity of Spiritualism, in its still higher developments. The facts of spiritual phenomens, the peculiar influence of spiritual influx, and the remarkable nature of mediumistic power, are recognized and admitted by unprejudiced investigators in every rank of life, and Spiritualism is an accepted truth in the minds of the intelligent community.

But while this is so, the wonderful exhibitions of the various phases of Spiritualism, and the increasing fertility of its manifestations, give rise to great variety of opinion as to the extent of the power of spirits, the exact quality of that power the conditions of its exercise, and various other important points respecting its practical usefulness and adaptability to the wants of the human soul. The relation of the spirit-world to this has also been a question much discussed, though as yet with little general satisfaction; while the necessity of organization, which is gradually forcing itself upon the attention of thinking minds in the ranks of the spiritualistic body, renders this question of more than ordinary importance.

The events of the times, moreover, are calling new attention to Spiritualism. To believers themselves, ideas of approaching changes in the affairs of the world, of a grand climactric in the present dispensation, and of a new order of things in the history of the world, have long been familiar. Exactly what these changes were to be, when to take place, and through what specific instrumentality, has not been clearly understood-has been, in the main, but dimly comprehended; but the change itself has been a cardinal doctrine of Progressive Spiritualism. But now in the devastation of war which surrounds us. in the rocking and surging of the nation's life, in the gradually waning hopes of any solution to the mighty problem we are endeavoring to solve, which shall not leave old institutions powerless and lifeless, the eyes of men, long covertly turned toward our light, are beginning to be opened, and the dumb find voice to speak.

In a late number of the Monthly Religious Magazine, an organ of the Boston Unitarians, and probably the most popular of our religious magazines. appears a remarkable article entitled, "Modern Spiritualism." The publication of this article marks an era in the history of Spiritualism. the most important era which has yet dawned. It is not because the Rev. Edmund H. Sears has announced his belief in Spiritualism, nor because he looks to it as a present help in time of need, that this publication is so remarkable; nor yet, because it is the first breaking of the ice of evangelical conservatism, so soon to be followed by a general "break up:" nor yet, again, because the magazine is widely read and its editor universally respected, and the article in question will arouse the attention and secure the conversion of many to the new revelation; these results, great as they are, are still not those which give to this publication its greatest importance. But herein it lies. Mr. Sears is an Orthodox evangelical Christian, a believer in the predictions of Jesus, and an expectant of their fulfiliment. Hence he looks to the final resurrection of the dead, to the ensuing or cotemporaneous second coming of Jesus, and to the succeeding advance of humanity into a state of happiness, called in the Christian terminology, heaven. The period of the fulfillment of these predictions must be the most important in the history of the race, and Spiritual-· ism is regarded by the writer of the article alluded o, as the fulfillment of the Christian prophesy—the an nouncement of the second coming of Christ. I quote from the article:

"But it is our solemn conviction that these things (Spiritual Manifestations.) do announce that second coming of which the Scriptures teach. The condition of the earth and its people, the signs of the times, indicate this more than ever before; whilst the near presence of the spirit-world brings with it holy influences which must elevate and spiritualize all of earth's creatures who will receive them, and, as good is ever stronger than evil, will sooner or later drive off into outer darkness all who willfully reject and oppose them out of the ignorance or the Wickedness of their hearts. If God's holy angels can and do so come, why may not the blessed spirit of Jesus come, too? Has he not come already? Is he not in the midst of us even now, and we know him not?"

It is this recognition of a deeper significance in Spiritualism than even professed Spiritualists have claimed, by an Orthodox and widely respected clergyman, that measures its importance. Hitherto. the Christians, as a sect, have looked upon Spiritualism as a heresy, a delusion of the devil. Now the question is pressed home to their own doors. Their own people claim it as a literal fulfillment of the prediction of the Lord Jesus, and the precursor of still greater events at hand. To reject this interpretation is only to raise two parties; one affiliated with the Spiritualists, and the other destined to become so, or, in the expressive words of the writer of "Modern Spiritualism," to be driven off into "outer darkness," as those "who willfully reject and oppose them (the holy influences of the spirit-world) out of the ignorance or the wickedness of their hearts." To accept this interpretation as true, is to plant the Christian Church in the centre-point of Spirtualism, causing that Church to announce for it a higher mission and a more magnificent significance than the boldest of the Spiritualists themselves, with rare exceptions, have dared to claim.

While, then, a new and radical decision is demanded of the Christian Church in reference to Spiritualism, it is no less demanded of Spiritualists also. Already there is noticeable a great falling off in the interest of Spiritualists, and articles appear in the HERALD OF PROGRESS and the BANNER speaking mathe "dejection and despondency in consequence of the apparent dearth in Spiritualism," and asking, "Is "Priritualism dying out?" Why this dejection and descondency? Why are many of the men who formerly held prominent positions among the Spiritualists, and who were its first powerful advocates, no longer heard of as having an abiding interest in the cause of Spiritualism? These questions have been partially answered, and only partially. Undoubtedly the interest in phenomena is yielding to an interest in the more impalpable phases of Spirituallam; but this does not account for the lack of interest and vitality in Spiritualism. The real difficulty has been that Spiritualiste have not themselves seen the mighty significance of their faith, and have not, therefore, made that claim for it which is its due That which they have asserted for it has been below

the wants of the souls of men in this day, and hence has not commanded their devotion. To be able to converse with the spirits of departed friends, when beats sympathetically with Free Thought and Freeit burst upon the world as a new revelation, was indeed a fact, which, for a brief time, might absorb the faculties of the thoughtful, and satisfy their cravings. But this could not long satisfy. The soul had higher and more noble desires. Of what use to served but to sooth for the time our personal sorrows, yet gave us no better knowledge of how we should lift the world from degradation to happiness? Was the big hope which Spiritualism opened in our hearts of the immediate approach of a magnificent future, to be dwarfed to the dimensions of un- ing of security to the trembling politicians, who, larger wisdom than our own? From the splendid receive from it such inadequate crumbs of wisdom?

while they have contemplated the multitude satis. Who will restore Liberty and crush out Slavery? fied with the most puerile manifestations of the There is no room for political cant and idle cavil most undeveloped spirits. Such was not the result There is no time for antecedental developments now. they had anticipated. They had expected all that These are days in which men's eyes are unclosed, John the Baptist, announcing the New Heaven and the returning hosts who were hastening to us. But the truth was too grand; and as the Jews expected, ment came, have shrunk back aghast at its actuali-

And now to us, in the midst of our listlessness and doubts, comes help from a new quarter, which should bring the blush of shame to our cheeks. The deep significance of our faith is taught us by one of Spiritualism and of its ultimate destiny, which we in our littleness of faith deemed almost preposare coming back to life, the second coming of the tion and for their future occupation of the Earth; is now to begin. That work of preparation is ours and we must be up and at it. For as Jesus came the first time in a manner least expected, so comes he a second. We have been looking for the Resurrection, for Heaven, for Life-everlasting, not here but afar off in some unknown regions of Space, and through some other instrumentalities than those within our reach.

Behold how different! The dead throng back to bloom like a divine garden; love will reign triumphant; and the planet be fitted for a meet dwelling place for the pure in heart, who shall come again to earth to enjoy with us the bliss foretold by the mouths of prophets.

What we Hate may be Good and Useful. The finest fabric comes from crawling worms. The sweetest, loveliest flowers grow out from the filthiest earth. The crawling worm is despised, but behold the silken garments of use and beauty that are its productions. Slimy, filthy, fetid earth is turned away from and avoided, but the pure and fragrant itualists in this regiment; prominent among them flowers it produces command our love and admiration. That which we despise and turn away from may be the most productive in that which will command our strongest affections. It may be in the order of nature that that which is the worst shall be turned to that which is the best, and that which is the best shall take its turn and become the worst. It may be in the moral and religious world as it is in the physical world, as Christ has said, "Tae last shall be first, and the first shall be last."

The flower of virtue must grow out from the soil of immorality. Things that we love and that we hate are inseparable in existence. That which we blehead, Mass. I Mrs. B. is an unassuming, truthful despise and that which we admire must be each ob- clairvoyant, and Spirit-medium, residing on a farm eats of our consciousness.

That which we call good owes its existence to that | She is also an excellent healing medium, and has which we call bad. And so it is of that which we done much in forwarding the Spiritual work in this call bad; it is the product of goodness. Nothing is vicinity. The interests of Spiritualism have been made in vain. All nature's works are wise and consigned to worthy hands by the unseen ones in good. All things are made for use, though we do the other sphere of existence. Would that there not at first perceive the use. All the deeds of hue were more like her, worthy to be called and chosen, man hands are nature's work, and not a single deed I should like to mention some positive tests of Spiritis done in vain-is done without a purpose and a presence given through this lady, but want of time

The darkness of the night has uses, and so has the darkness of the moral world. Crime is the filth that follows makes the night-time of immorality. in degradation, and in this there is a spiritual use | gress from this district, and will meet with much opthat our earthly vision cannot see.

A Voice from the Battle-Field. EDITOR BANNER-The great heart of the Republic

dom, and now should be the day of our deliverance -now the day of our purification. We are plunged deep into a sea of troubles; we are well nigh ruined: we must seek the shore or be whelmed; there it lies ahead of us, and let us not hesitate. We must dehold communion with our loved departed, if it stroy Slavery, or Slavery will destroy us; and shall we doubt which course to pursue? Ten days since. and the fate of the Republic seemed dependent on one man-that man a military leader; but the invasion of Maryland, and the reported discomforture of the rebel hosts, have, in a measure, given a feelimportant conversations with those who showed no cowering beneath the marble dome of the capitol, are pleased at the announcement that "Washingpromise what meagre results! Is this the mission of ton Is safe." What care I who shall be President Spiritualism, that we ask it so eagerly for bread and of this Republic, with its millions of slaves? What care I whether a "Conservative Republican," or a Such have been the questions put to themselves | Radical Democrat" holds the reins of power? There by the thoughtful minds among the Spiritualists, is but one question worthy my consideration: has come, and ten thousand times more than has and their minds undeceived. The Democrat of yesbeen unfolded. They had seen in Spiritualism the terday is the Abolitionist of to-day; so much wiser, veritable fulfillment of a prophecy of every religion so much better, so much more devoted to liberty; so under the sun; the resurrection of the dead, and its much more antagonistical to Slavery; bid him Godaccompanying period of happiness and everlasting speed! Ah! I think the days of the illumination life for the human race, and looked upon it as the are dawning; I feel that there is a great waking up. The civilization which is borne on by the strong the New Earth. At times, one bolder than the rest arms of art and science, of religion and free educahad given utterance to his deep convictions and tion, which gives us churches and school houses, and warned his brethren that we were living in the a free press, and the privilege of free speech, has met midst of the resurrection, and it behooved us to be the civilization of Slavery-the determined enemy of up and doing in the work of preparation to receive all advancement—the murderer of free speech and free discussion—the destroyer of arts and sciences -the defiler of religion, and the debaser of public a long time, Jesus, yet knew him not when he stood and private morals. Backed up by the strong and in their midst, so we have looked for the fulfillment seductive influences of free trade-heralded in by a of the prophecies of the past, yet when the fulfill- tissue of lies, having its foundation stones grounded on falsehood and crime, it attempts to destroy our republicanism-does this so-called "Civilization" of the South.

God pity the blindness of the man, who, born under the benign influences of Republican institutions, reared up and educated amid the free schools of the who comes newly to it. A neophyte shows in his North, can find apology, can discover sympathy for first confession, an appreciation of the vast meaning the South in this bitter struggle. I am not of those who would counsel unnecessary and uncalled for resistance to unholy laws, even. I would not lightly terous. Let not the lesson be lost upon us. Let us set aside Constitutions and compacts, even though endeavor to atone for the past by earnest exertions long since violated, set at nought, trampled under in the future. As the mighty future of Spiritualism unholy feet, spat upon by pro-slavery factions; yet unfolds itself before our fore-casting vision, the work | I would not allow my hands to be chained by these of the future and of the present begins. The dead same compacts and Constitutions, while the dagger of the assassin was at my throat. To save the Con-Divine Man, and of the great and good of all the stitution from total destruction, I would, in hours of Past is at hand, and the preparation for their recep- great national peril, set it temporarily aside. To preserve inviolate the liberties of the people, I would the fitting of it as an abode of bliss to be enjoyed for a time, in the character of military dictator even, by mankind through countless ages of eternal life, hold them by the strong arm of military power, beyoud the reach of tyrants and tyranny. We cannot always wait for the slow action of civil authority and judicial power, when days and hours may hap are pregnant with the destinies of the nation. Thus much for the Constitutionality of Abolishing Slavery. But there is another view of the case.

Slavery, by its wanton and unprovoked assaults. on the very Constitution under which it claims protection, has made itself an outlaw, and has no rights the beautiful Earth, and here is to be our future, which we as a Nation are bound to respect. It has home. Heaven comes not by the intervention of stolen our forts and other public property: it has supernatural law, but men and women, wielding the murdered our unarmed citizens in cold blood; it has means placed in their hands by progressive develop- shot down our armed soldiers in discharge of their ment, are to reconstruct society. Through the gui- sworn duty-not by its advocates and proprietors dance of Science, the Science of the Laws of Order alone, but by the hands of its own unfortunate suband Harmony in the Universe, now for the first jects even, for it can be proven that the negroes time discovered, we are to erect, in the place of the have, in more instances than one, been used in warold crumbling institutions of to-day, those founded fare against us, not with standing the holy horror which in truth, competent to the fullest unfoldment of the "the Southern Chivalry" have of seeing negroes emhighest powers of the human soul, and imposing re- ployed in civilized warfare (?) Who stirred up the strictions upon none of its faculties. Through the savage tribes of the West? But I forbear. I have aid of these harmonized organizations, humanity expressed myself feebly on this subject. But I shall will advance to its birthright; discord, disease, pov. ere long, with "twenty millions" of free men in this erty, strife, decay, death, will be vanquished; the land, and twice twenty millions more, in all others, souls of men will be baptized with spiritual love; demand at the hands of this Government the abolithe carth, man's home, through countless ages, un. tion of Slavery; and they must not, cannor -DARE der his new inspirational culture, will everywhere not refuse me, for I shall speak as one having authority, with the sanction of that " power behind the throne which is greater than the throne itself."

WILFRID WYLLEYS. Rose Hall, Va., Sept. 20, 1862.

Spiritualism in Illinois.

CAMP BURBAU, PRINCETON, ILL., ? September 13, 1862.

Ms. Editor-We are at present encamped in the Fair Grounds at Princeton. Have just been mustered into the service of the United States, and under marching orders. There are a great many Spiris the Lieut. Colonel of the regiment, and 1st. Lieutenant of Company A. Your remarks a few weeks since, that there were a large number of Spiritualists in Illinois, and in the Volunteer service of the State, is very true. There are more, far more than one would suppose. "I am aware of the fact from positive knowledge, and you were right in the statement. There are many sincere Spiritualists in Bu. reau County, who make no great ado about it, but are deep thinkers and willing workers. I could mention many, very many, but will name only one, Mrs. Ballard, formerly Mrs. Humphrey, of Mara short distance from Providence, in this county. forbids.

This place, (Princeton) you are probably aware, is the place of residence of Owen Lovejoy, a somewhat and slime of morals, and the sorrow and sadness noted politician and M. C. His best days are passed. He is not so popular with the mass of the people as Men kneel down in the dust and orawl like worms formerly. He will probably be a candidate for Con-A. B. C. position. I have been surprised to see what great changes have taken place in the minds of the peo-The Boston Post gives forth the following item: ple on all the leading questions of the day. Spirit. The Boston Post gives forth the following item:
There is a young man in the army who was born
July 4th, at 4 o'clock F. M., at No. 44, on a street in
this city, in 1844, a 4th oblid, has 4 names, enlisted into
the Newton company which has joined the 4th battalion, 44th regiment, 4th company, and on the 4th day
of Beptember was appointed 4th corporal, and is now
going forth to defend his country."

The Boston Post gives forth the following item:
ple on all the leading questions of the day. Spiritualism, temperance, and new ideas are discussed
with calmness and thoughtfulness, and the thought
of spirits existing and conversing with us mortals,
is not looked upon by the people as fullculous, but
going forth to defend his country." acknowledged to be true and lawful. Verily, the year

of jubilee is beginning here in Illinois, if not elsewhere.

we have preaching on Bunday afternoon in the camp grounds, and I perceive a vast difference in the ideas promulgated now, than in years gone by-a happy consolation it is to the soldier, too, as he drinks in the implication given to the preacher to impart to his hearers. The grave hath lost its terrors in these latter days, and it is well for the world that it has. Hoping the BANNER may long be upheld by angel hands is the wish of A William HENRY STRONG.

Obituary Notices.

" In the midst of life we are in death." Never was this declaration more emphatically true than at this Nov. 16, 23 and 30; Hon. Warren Chase, in Dec. thour, when, throughout the length and breadth of our Foxnozo,—Meetings in the Town Hall. Speakers engaged: ace of the rich where wealth and luxury reign to the humblest and most lowly cot of the poor man, there is weeping and mourning for some lost one. Fathers are in affliction because those to whom they had looked as being the staff of their declining years are gone from their sight forever. Mothers are monving and from their sight forever. Mothers are mourning and will not be comforted, because their sons are to return to them no more. Wives, in whose waking hours and midnight dreams the booming of cannon and the roar of artillery are mingled with groans for the loved and lost ones. Brothers, whose heart-strings have been sundered by the rending of tles that have bound them to kindred ones. Sisters, whose great tears of agony, like blood drops, are poured out, because the loved ones in whom they had centred so much of true affection have fallen upon the gory field of battle.

But for all of these there is consolation and hope in the beautiful teachings and philosophy of Spiritualism, giving, as these do, the assurance and conviction that though these loved ones are removed from our sigh they are not afar off, but linger around the old familiar haunts of home and friends, and are ever near to cheer and comfort na.

These reflections were ours as we stood beside the mangled body of our brave young friend and brother, ALBAN T. PAIST, of Philadelphia, Orderly Sergeant in the Second California Regiment—one who stood beside the gallant Colonel Baker as he fell at Ball's Bluff and whose "soul is marching on" with him now. This young man had just entered on his twenty-third year, and was the son of Thomas S, and Elizabeth H. Paist. of this city, and brother of Samuel H. Paist, well known as the blind medium; he has been in the service about twenty months, and fell in battle at Antietam on Wednesday, the 17th of September, a ball having passed through his head. His remains were brought to Philadelphia, and interred at Laurel Hill on the

Having been educated in the society of Friends, he entered this war with a deep conviction of principle and a firm belief that this was a struggle for the maintenance of a free government, and for the establishment of universal liberty, without respect to sect, sex, color, or nation. Could he have heard the proclamation of our noble President it would have filled his soul with rapture. He has heard it, and from the lofty heights of his home in the spirit-life he shouts, ... On-ward and upward, ye hosts of Freedom battling for the right and the true; the time shall come when the glo-rious old sun, in his course around our our earth, shall not cast his rays upon a single slave. God speed the day when all nations shall raise the echoing voice of the grand anthem, Liberty, Equality, and Fraterni-

Died in Louisville, Ky., August 25, 1862, HANNIBAL WELLS, youngest son of Daniel S. and Susan Wells, aged 19 years lacking three days; a volunteer in Company B, 73d Regiment Indiana Volunteers. His remains were brought home to Laport County, Indiana,

In Newton, Sept., 30th, 1862, Mr. IRA BAND, aged 69, passed very auddenly to the home of the blest. May angels sustain the mourners, is the constant prayer M. S. TOWNSEND.

Spiritual and Beform Convention.

The Spiritualists and Friends of Progress will hold their Yearly Meeting at Greensboro', Henry Co., Ind., in Uncle Seth Hinshaw's Free Hall, on Friday, Saturin Uncle Seth Hinshaw's Free Hall, on Friday, Saturday and Sunday, 17th, 18th and 19th of October next. Brother Finney, of Geneva, Ohio, will be present as one of the leading speakers, as will also Miss Mary Thomas and others. As speakers of notoriety are expected with their neual budget of good news from the spirit spheres, come along all ye who are heavy laden and an hungered for spiritual food, and be ye filled. Come ye priests of Orthodox faith and standard creeds, and for once learn what it is to breath the free air of a free meeting, in which all can express their views, no matter who they may be and however much they may be opposed to Spiritualism and the Harmonial Philoso-

phy. They shall have a patient and respectful hearing: By order of Committee, Dr. I. H. Hill. Knightaown, Ind., Sept. 5th, 1862.

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Conference Hall, No. 14 Browstald Street, Boston. Spiritual Conference meets every Tuesday evening, at 71-9 o'clock.

MARRICHERAD.—Moetings are held in Bassett's new Hall. Speakers engaged: — Mrs. Amanda M. Spence, Oct. 12; Miss Emma Hardinge, Oct. 19 and 26; Miss Lizzie Doton, Noy. 2, 9 and 16; N. Frank White, Dec. 7 and 14; Mrs. M., S. Townsend, Dec. 21 and 28.

TAUNTON.—Meetings are held in the Town Hall, every Sabbath afternoon and evening. The following speakers are engaged:—Mrs. M. S. Townsend, Oct. 12; F. L. Wadsworth, Nov. 16, 23 and 30; Hon. Warren Chase, in Dec.

nalista. Meetings will be held Sundays, afternoon and evening. Speaker engaged:—F. L. Wadsworth, during Oct.

NEW BEDFORD.—Music Hall has been hired by the Spiritualists. Conference Meetings held Sunday mornings, and speaking by mediums, afternoon and evening.

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